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Untrodden Fields in History and Literature

VOLUME I

At Cleveland, in the month of May, MDCCCCXXIII, were
imprinted of these volumes, one hundred fifty
and fifteen copies, of which this is
number

73

UNTRODDEN FIELDS IN HISTORY AND LITERATURE AND OTHER ESSAYS BY FRANKLIN HARVEY HEAD

EDITED BY
GEORGE BROOKS SHEPARD

VOLUME I

CLEVELAND: THE ROWFANT CLUB
MAY 1923

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I SAID to myself, what thought can one bring from amid the rush and the whirl of a life of active business: from the clangor and roar of iron works and mills, or from the seething and boiling of great laboratories, where the crude products of nature are tortured into forms to meet the wants of commerce; what thought can one bring worthy the attention of an assemblage of scholars?

– F. H. H.

INTRODUCTION

IN THE WINTER of 1921 there were read at different Saturday meetings of The Rowfant Club two papers by Franklin Harvey Head. The first of them, *A Notable Lawsuit*, was a typewritten copy of a typewritten original owned by a gentlemen in Buffalo, and valued by him as an unusual and original bit of literary work, a judgment confirmed by one of our own members, Cyrus Wheeler Faxon, to whom it was shown, and who secured the copy which he read to the members of the Club. The charming, humorous quality of this story by an author unknown to most of our members met then and there with both hearty appreciation and an equally hearty desire to print and own it as a Club publication. When later a reading followed of *Shakespeare's Insomnia*, with some information about the author and his occasional literary diversions for the entertainment of his friends, the Publication Committee was called upon to bring together and issue for the Club all the available writings of this author. The result is probably the only publication

of The Rowfant Club originating in what might be called the popular clamor of the members rather than the cooler considerings of the Committee, and it should be recorded because the episode, at least as one member views it, amounts to an immediate cordial recognition and appreciation of a lovable unique character, who came among us a stranger without introduction or claim upon us, other than his qualities. The incident was of a sort to have given him the keenest of pleasure. Had time, place, and environment allowed, he would have surely been one of us, for his tastes and habit of mind made him one of Nature's own Rowfanters. As it was, similar groups in Chicago counted him as their choicest spirit.

Opinions may differ concerning the claims of a writer's personality and private life on the attention of his readers. In the case of this man it will be seen, that with the exception of one or two of the magazine articles, his writings are essentially expressions of phases of his personality. The more important of them were written for reading to friends and to Clubs of which he was a member. Apart from magazine articles, none were formally published except the *Insomnia,* and that not until twelve years after it (as were others) was printed privately for distribution among his friends.

These writings, however, were only one phase and expression of an outstanding and interesting man. To print his writings with no testimony regarding his other activities and his standing as a man among men, would be almost ludicrous. Which leads to a difficulty, for few accomplishments are rarer than an ability to untangle, classify, and describe adequately the intangible elements of human personality which differentiate one human being from another so clearly that every unit of the herd is individual to the extent of being open to the suspicion – sometimes to the charge – of having some queer indestructible private entity in his composition belonging so exclusively to him that a *personal* consciousness of pleasure or discomfort goes marching eternally on. Considerable areas of fiction, as well as biography and history, are whitened with the bones of failures to adequately meet that difficulty.

No intention of really courting that danger lies in the present writer's thoughts, but a simple presentation of a few details may help to a fairly clear notion of some distinctive features.

Fundamentally and always Franklin Head was a man of goodwill, with a gift for friendship amounting to genius, a natural endowment of playful whimsicality and most subtle humor, and

an acquired scholarship of soundest character. He was a clear, strong thinker on serious lines.

The story of his intimacies with interesting people, many of them of well known distinction, if it could be written in his own inimitable way, would make a volume of great value and interest. Another good sized volume could be built up from the story of his great and varied commerical and civic activities. At no time in his life was he trying to make or leave an impression of unusual distinction, but his qualities naturally attracted attention, and drew to him, just as his love of all that is fine and worthy in life led him to, other people of exceptional characteristics and mentality. He gave them his best, and in return received theirs. His giving was an unconscious genial radiation from a fine inward glow.

A pleasant side of his character shows in the fact that his fun was as much in evidence at home as elsewhere. Here is a little note to Mrs. Head.

Louisville, July 15 [——]

UNION LEAGUE CLUB, Honore Block, Chicago

I write this in Chicago as I expect it will be so hot in Louisville that I cannot write – Will mail it on arrival that you may know I get through O.K. – if you do not get it, you will understand that I am sunstruck.

As long as he lived, these sudden little whimsies

were the delight of his family. To his little daughters, curious about his being mentioned as "Colonel Head," in early life (really a sort of fleeting dignity which came with his appointment to office in the Department of the Interior) he carefully explained that he once bought a house from a colonel in the United States Army and the title naturally passed with the house.

Franklin Harvey Head was born in Oneida County, New York, in 1832, of good New England stock. From school days at Casanovia Academy, he moved on to Hamilton College where he took the degrees of A.B. and A.M. His love for this college lasted through life. To it he returned in mature years to deliver the fine address on the elements of a Liberal Education. From it he received the honorary L.L.B., and was asked to be its president. Charles Dudley Warner and Elihu Root were contemporaries at Hamilton.

After law studies with Professor Timothy Dwight, Mr. Head migrated to Kenosha, Wisconsin, beginning there the practice of law, and in a few years marrying there the refined, beautiful daughter of Henry and Martha Durkee, settlers from Vermont. Following an attack of typhoid fever, a few years of open air life was advised. The appointment of Mrs. Head's uncle, Charles

Durkee, as governor of the Territory of Utah, gave opportunity, and with him Mr. and Mrs. Head went west, travelling by wagon from Council Bluffs to Salt Lake City, where about four years of ranch life on the edge of town filled the doctor's prescription and restored health.

This experience began in 1866, when the "wild west" was going through one of its wildest throes. The entire white population west of the Mississippi at this time is said to have not exceeded a million and a half. The Union Pacific Railroad was under construction in two sections working toward each other from east and west. The Indian tribes, recognizing the deadly menace in this culminating aggression upon their hunting grounds and means of life, were waging desperate and cruel war throughout the entire western country.

Ranch life in Utah through four years of times like these would seem to be a killing environment for people of their type. Life anywhere was always interesting and zestful to him, and he enjoyed zestfully the Utah days as he did all others. He never heard of Freud and the complexes and the hideous thing life really is, when you really know. It is highly doubtful if he even suspected it.

His efficiency, integrity, and ability, backed by

his great personal charm, quickly made him friends in Salt Lake City, as elsewhere, and inspired the respect of Mormons, Gentiles, and Indians alike, while the Government, recognizing his growing influence in all quarters, appointed him Superintendent of Indian Affairs in Utah.

His gentle, refined wife, as always, did her effective loyal part, often under most trying conditions – as when frequently groups of strange Indians slunk, unasked, into her kitchen and sat there through speechless hours. Or when Brigham Young attended her parties bringing with him nineteen of his wives. The home was a center to which gravitated the best people in the region. Ben Holliday of the famous Pony Express was among the frequent visitors. Major J. W. Powell outfitted there for his first survey of the Colorado Canyon. Bret Harte brought there the manuscript of *The Heathen Chinee* to ask if it was worth publishing. Here began the friendly relations which lasted through life with Clarence King, whom Henry Adams in his *Education*, honors with such deep affection. Clarence King, whose great description of the Survey of the Fortieth Parallel lies buried in United States Geological Reports, and whose beautiful classic, *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada*, which

should be known and loved by every hill lover and out-of-door man and woman, is out of print and little known.

To Head in Salt Lake came also E. Wood Perry, in later times secretary for many years of the National Academy – then a poor, young artist eastbound from California and stony broke. Think what it must have meant to be an unknown artist, stranded in the Great Basin in the sixties! Not that there was any lack of big-hearted people in the West then, as always, but – just how to handle an artist in a helpful way? As usual Head rose to it. He was the right man for the job, and he always liked his job. He secured in some way an order, for Perry to paint a group portrait of Brigham Young and his apostles, for the Tabernacle, and then subtly persuaded the apostles to order duplicates for their homes. That fine Italian hand! It is of some interest to know that Young approved of the picture as far as likeness was involved, but was a little critical on other points. Having been a carriage painter himself, he found Perry's workmanship a little "rough." He said he "liked a high finish." At least that is how Head used to tell it.

In this time his relations with the Territorial representatives in Washington were also friendly

for he was occasionally, in after years, known to chuckle over a Congressional speech, of which he was author, in defense of polygamy, or against a charge of polygamy.

After the completion of the Union Pacific Road (1869) the Head family returned for a few years to Kenosha, and then moved to their permanent abiding place, Chicago (1872).

My concern here is to give to the readers of these essays some conception of the great personal qualities of charm, whimsicality, integrity, and lovableness, combined with resourceful ability, that always made him a man of mark, and surrounded him with swarms of friends – leaders in commercial, political, literary, and artistic life – and made him an outstanding figure in the most American of communities for forty years, until his death in 1914. If I have dwelt at disproportionate length in an early period, it is because the Utah phase serves so admirably to illustrate and to epitomize so pointedly and so well the essential outlines of his character and career. His underlying principles were obviously of the vital, dependable, unchanging sort. No one ever questioned where he stood, or what he would do, as between right or wrong, or as between the wise or foolish course, but nobody anywhere or at any

time, even his nearest and dearest, ever could guess what he might say or write, and his genial whimsicality always varying and unexpected made him a well-spring of joy to all who knew him.

The qualities, serious and playful, which so quickly brought him respect and affection in a new rough country moved to the same end throughout life, and cumulatively. In detail, the forty, full and busy years in Chicago could be effectively dealt with only by some appreciative gifted personal friend and contemporary, with exceptional talent for anecdotal narrative. It would have moreover to be a person capable of writing with considerable fullness the intimate social, commercial, and literary history of Chicago in that time, for the two stories interlock. From the hands of the ordinary historian he is swept away into the roaring maelstrom of Chicago's mighty life. Apparently the practice of law was succeeded by other activities.

Like the other leading men in Chicago in his time, his shoulders were broad, his hands were willing, his heart was full of the civic pride and public spirit that makes great communities. He would not, I believe, wish to be remembered as a literary man. Writing was in fact a very small fraction of his activities, but his talent in writing,

like all his other talents, were available when needed either in public service, as in the Haymarket address, or in his delightful address on John Fiske, delivered at a memorial service at All Souls' Church, or for the entertainment of his friends.

He was a director in Insurance Companies, Railroads, Car Companies, Banks, The Chicago Exposition, President of the Chicago Malleable Iron Company, officer or director in other business corporations, President of the Bush Temple Conservatory, The Chicago Historical Society, Chicago Civic Federation, Trustee of the Newberry Library, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France, and a distinguished member of Chicago's most distinguished clubs. He sat at the Round Table at the Chicago Club. He foregathered with Doctor Gunsaulus, David Swing, Melville E. Stone, Eugene Field and others, in the Saints' and Sinners' Corner at McClurg's. His home at number 2 Banks street was the meeting place for David Swing, Ezra McCagg, Wirt Dexter, Henry B. Fuller, Edward E. Ayer, and hosts of others, and in their migrations, the lighting place for people like John Fiske, George W. Cable, Julia Marlowe, Joe Jefferson, Walter H. Page, and E. S. Willard. When he could be coaxed out of

Chicago he was kept busy with invitations to visit friends and meet their friends, so that ultimately he knew practically everybody. The social phase of life he lived in its fullest and best, but never on the basis of what is conveyed by the word Society. And in all these years of varied activities, by no means literary, he was giving out an enthusiastic contagious influence from himself, so steadily and so effectively, that one of his friends could say of him very recently, "Mr. Head did for literature in the early days in the middle west what Theodore Thomas did for music." And George Cable could write of him, "It is owing to one of his finest qualities, his happy and complete satisfaction in the mere accomplishment of the large service he rendered the world, that the great public will never fully realize the extent of the loss it suffers in losing him."

These things were said after his life was ended. But Eugene Field at the time of Head's address at the unveiling of Chicago's monument to the policemen who lost their lives in the Haymarket anarchist riots, wrote in his famous Sharps and Flats column – "Mr. Head is one of our clearest and most vigorous thinkers. We think he is the first literary man in Chicago. And aside from his scholarship, his culture and varied intellectual ac-

complishments, he is a thoroughly generous, cordial, and companionable man.''

The two volumes here published contain all of Mr. Head's writings that appeared in type, so far as could be discovered. This completeness was made possible only by the interested and intelligent coöperation of his daughter, Mrs. Katherine Head Breck, on whose further kindly furnishing of letters, clippings, and personal reminiscence, this introduction and some notes are largely based. To her the Club's grateful acknowledgement is due in this place and is most cordially given.

There will here be found several papers which originally appeared in the *Overland Monthly*, the *New England Magazine*, and the *Forum*. Those relating to the currency question and the Chicago Exposition illustrate his ability to think clearly and soundly on large questions – as does the able article on the treatment of the Indians by the United States Government. His earlier relation to both parties in this question gives special weight to his views. The interesting article on Salt Lake City is also based on his personal experience. The paper called the *Heart of Chicago* is a model of what may be done by able hands, with a subject which might easily be hackneyed, and it

also shows some characteristic whimsical turns. Again we see the serious effective thinker in the address at the Haymarket Monument, and in the fine study of the essentials of a Liberal Education.

In reading the article relating to John Fiske it should be remembered that Mr. Head was writing of one of his closest friends. It appears to be the only approach he ever made to formally setting down anything of reminiscent character.

The sound, original criticism and method of the Browning essay, as well as the wide scholarship shown in the Dante and Shakespeare papers rest on a foundation of life-long thoughtful reading, study, and reflection. All these writings make clear his great versatility and the clean strength of his many-sided, well-equipped mind.

For sheer pleasure in the reading, and for the complete display of his genial, unique whimsicality, nothing can touch *Shakespeare's Insomnia, The Legends of Jekyl Island* and *A Notable Lawsuit.* They were written for a definite audience of intimate friends and he could estimate in advance to the weight of a feather, the force of impact of every subtle turn on the minds of every member in the group for whom he was writing.

The wide, varied, thoughtful reading of this lover of books, his discriminating scholarship, his fine sense of what to say and how to go about it,

his refined taste, his versatility and sense of literary values find their best expression here – "Sir," said Johnson, "the dogs don't know how to write trifles with dignity." That comment would not apply to these three, glorious trifles. Flashing through and about their substantial qualities, is an untiring, playful humor of most delicate and engaging quality, never descending into wit. And they have to a high degree a rare zest and gusto, distinctly a personal trait, most contagious in nature, more often met in conversation than in print, but when so met – pulling the reader directly into the writer's presence. That these papers are thus charged is no doubt due to their being composed for well known minds of tried and proved appreciation. The preparation of them was by way of a trial spin, preliminary to a glorious joy-ride in Franklin Head's wagon, which he was to drive, and the passengers were to be his dearest friends. And, if humanly possible, they were to have a little better time than they did at somebody else's perfectly good party.

It is not difficult to imagine his enjoyment of the succession of humorous developments bubbling up through his mind as he worked over these essays. And we can picture the zest, with which he went about the selection of fake portraits for *Jekyl Island* and *A Notable Lawsuit,* many of

which are portraits of Chicago friends – others carefully chosen for their complete and lovely incongruity, but all helpful in the prank of serious pretending, and bestowing an air of solid, painstaking documentation befitting an adventure into Early American or Literary History.

In a sense Mr. Head introduced himself to the Rowfant Club and awakened their goodwill with no man's help – but there was so much more to say about him than his writings told, that it came near being some one's duty to say it. Many years ago I sat with him in his library at number 2 Banks street and listened to glowing appreciations of Chronicles in general and Holinshed and Froissart in particular, with citations from handsome folios, in his lap and on his table, to give point to his talk and his claims regarding their charm and value. And this flood of scholarship, personality, and of course always fine humor, was poured forth like a gift of the gods to an audience of one single, useless, but eager and appreciative lad.

My pleasure therefore, in my own small part in bringing together these scattered papers will readily be understood.

George Brooks Shepard

Cleveland, December, 1922

STUDIES IN MEDIEVAL AND MODERN LITERATURE

I. Shakespeare's Insomnia
II. Dante's Boodling
III. Some Methods of Robert Browning

Magna est veritas et prevalebit

The inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it; and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it – is the sovereign good of human nature. – *Francis Bacon.*

I. SHAKESPEARE'S INSOMNIA

and the Causes thereof

SHAKESPEARE'S INSOMNIA AND THE CAUSES THEREOF[1]

Chapter I

INSOMNIA, the lack of "tired Nature's sweet restorer," is rapidly becoming the chronic terror of all men of active life who have passed the age of thirty-five or forty years. In early life, while yet he "wears the rose of youth upon him," man rarely, except in sickness, knows the want of sound, undreaming sleep. But as early manhood is left behind and the cares and perplexities of life weigh upon him, making far more needful than ever the rest which comes only through unbroken sleep, this remedial agent cannot longer be wooed and won. Youth would "fain encounter darkness as a bride and hug it in his arms." To those of riper years the "blanket of the dark" often ushers in a season of terrors – a time of fitful snatches of

[1] First published in Chicago by S. A. Maxwell and Company in 1886, later republished by Houghton, Mifflin, and Company in 1899. The second edition was revised and enlarged. It contains material not included in the 1886 issue. All editions are now out of print and difficult to find.

broken sleep and of tormenting dreams; of long stretches of wakefulness; of hours when all things perplexing and troublesome in one's affairs march before him in sombre procession: in endless disorder, in labyrinths of confusion, in countless new phases of disagreeableness; and at length the morning summons him to labor, far more racked and weary than when he sought repose.

It has been of late years much the fashion in the literature of this subject to attribute sleeplessness to the rapid growth of facilities for activities of every kind. The practical annihilation of time and space by our telegraphs and railroads, the compressing thereby of the labors of months into hours or even minutes, the terrific competition in all kinds of business thereby made possible and inevitable, the intense mental activity engendered in the mad race for fame or wealth, where the nervous and mental force of man is measured against steam and lightning – these are usually credited with having developed what is considered a modern and even an almost distinctively American disease.

As the maxim, "There is nothing new under the sun," is of general application, it may be of interest to investigate if an exception occurs in the case of sleeplessness; if it be true that among our an-

cestors, before the days of working steam and electricity, the glorious sleep of youth was prolonged through all one's three or fourscore years.

Medical books and literature throw no light upon this subject three hundred years ago. We must therefore turn to Shakespeare – human nature's universal solvent – for light on this as we would on any other question of his time. Was he troubled with insomnia, then, is the first problem to be solved.

Doctor Holmes, our genial and many-sided poet-laureate, who is also a philosopher, in his *Life of Emerson*, has finely worked out the theory that no man writes other than his own experience: that consciously or otherwise an author describes himself in the characters he draws; that when he loves the character he delineates, it is in some measure his own, or at least one of which he feels its tendencies and possibilities belong to himself. Emerson, too, says of Shakespeare, that all his poetry was first experience.

When we seek to analyze what we mean by the term Shakespeare, to endeavor to define wherein he was distinct from all others and easily preëminent, to know why to us he ever grows wiser as we grow wise, we find that his especial characteristic was an unequalled power of observation and an

ability accurately to chronicle his impressions. He was the only man ever born who lived and wrote absolutely without bias or prejudice. Emerson says of him that "He reported all things with impartiality; that he tells the great greatly, the small subordinately – he is strong as Nature is strong, who lifts the land into mountain slopes without effort, and by the same rule as she floats a bubble in the air, and likes as well to do the one as the other." Says he, further: "Give a man of talents a story to tell, and his partiality will presently appear: he has certain opinions which he disposes other things to bring into prominence; he crams this part and starves the other part, consulting not the fitness of the thing but his fitness and strength." But Shakespeare has no peculiarity; all is duly given.

Thus it is that his dramas are the book of human life. He was an accurate observer of Nature: he notes the markings of the violet and the daisy; the haunts of the honeysuckle, and mistletoe, and the woodbine. He marks the fealty of the marigold to its god, the sun, and even touches the freaks of fashion, condemning in some woman of his time an usage, long obsolete, in accordance with which she adorned her head with "the golden tresses of the dead." But it was as an observer

and a delineator of man in all his moods that he was the bright, consummate flower of humanity. His experiences were wide and varied. He had absorbed into himself and made his own the pith and wisdom of his day. As the fittest survives, each age embodies in itself all worthy of preservation in the ages gone before. In Shakespeare's pages we find a reflection, perfect and absolute, of the age of Elizabeth, and therefore of all not transient in the foregone times – of which is fixed and permanent in our own. He "held the mirror up to Nature." So "his eternal summer shall not fade," because

> He sang of the earth as it will be
> When the years have passed away.

If, therefore, insomnia had prevailed in or before his time, in his pages shall we find it duly set forth. If he had suffered, if the "fringed curtains of his eyes were all the night undrawn," we shall find his dreary experiences – his hours of pathetic misery, his nights of desolation – voiced by the tongues of his men and women.

Shakespeare speaks often of the time in life when men have left behind them the dreamless sleep of youth. Friar Laurence says:

> Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
> And where care lodges, sleep can never lie;

But where unbruised youth with unstuffed brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.

Shakespeare describes, too, with lifelike fidelity, the causes of insomnia, which are not weariness or physical pain, but undue mental anxiety. He constantly contrasts the troubled sleep of those burdened with anxieties and cares, with the happy lot of the laborer whose physical weariness insures him a tranquil night's repose. Henry VI. says:

And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Are far beyond a prince's delicates.

And Henry V. says:

'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farcèd title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world, –
No, not all these, thrice gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who, with a body filled and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, that child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,

Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium. . .
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Hath the forehand and vantage of a king.

Prince Henry says, in "Henry IV.:"

O polished perturbation! Golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night, sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely biggin bound
Snores out the watch of night.

In this same play, too, is found the familiar and marvellous soliloquy of Henry IV.:

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O Sleep, O gentle Sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell?

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude, imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamor in the slippery shrouds,
That with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Caesar, whom Shakespeare characterizes as "the foremost man of all this world," says:

Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.

And again, it is not an "old man broken with the storms of state" whom he describes when he says:

Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

The poet also in various passages expresses his emphatic belief as to what is the brightest blessing or the deadliest calamity which can be laid upon our frail humanity. Rarely is a blessing invoked which does not include the wish for tranquil sleep;

and this, too, as the best and greatest boon of all. His gracious benediction may compass honors and wealth and happiness and fame – that one's "name may dwell forever in the mouths of men;" but

> The earth hath bubbles as the water hath,
> And these are of them,

as compared with the royal bension, "Sleep give thee all his rest."

The spectres of the princes and Queen Anne, in "Richard III.," invoking every good upon Richmond, say:

> Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace and wake in joy.

And again:

> Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep.

Romeo's dearest wish to Juliet is:

> Sleep dwell upon thine eyes; peace in thy breast.

The crowning promise of Lady Mortimer, in "Henry IV.," is that:

> She will sing the song that pleaseth thee,
> And on thy eyelids crown the god of sleep.

Titania promises her fantastic lover:

> I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,
> And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
> And sing, while thou on pressèd flowers dost sleep.

Titus, welcoming again to Rome the victorious legions, says of the heroes who have fallen:

> There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
> And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars,

promising them that in the land of the blest

> are no storms,
> No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.

Constantly also in anathemas throughout the plays are invoked, as the deadliest of curses, broken rest and its usual accompaniment of troublous dreams. Thus note the climax in Queen Margaret's curse upon the traitorous Gloster:

> If Heaven have any grievous plague in store
> Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
> Oh, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
> And then hurl down their indignation
> On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
> The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
> Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
> And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
> No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
> Unless it be while some tormenting dream
> Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!

The witch, in "Macbeth," cataloguing the calamities in store for the ambitious Thane, says:

> Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid.

It is curious also to remark, in the various lists of griefs which made life a burden and a sorrow, how often the climax of these woes is the lack of sleep, or the troubled dreams bearing their train of "gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire," which come with broken rest. Lady Percy says to Hotspur:

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
And given my treasures and my rights of thee
To thick-eyed musing and curst melancholy?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?

Macbeth says:

But let the frame of things dispoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly; better be with the dead.

In "Othello" is a striking picture of the sudden change, in the direction we are considering, which comes over a tranquil mind from the commission of a great crime. Iago says to Othello, after he has wrought "the deed without a name:"

Not poppy nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,

Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou own'dst yesterday.

The greatest punishment which comes to Macbeth after the murder of Duncan is lack of sleep. Nowhere in the language, in the same space, can be found so many pictures of the blessedness of repose as in the familiar lines:

Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep," the innocent sleep;
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

And the principal reason which deters Hamlet from suicide is the fear that even if he does sleep well "after life's fitful fever is over," still, that sleep may be full of troubled dreams.

To sleep, perchance to dream. Ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.

Richard III. says, when the catalogue of his crimes is full, and when he "sees as in a map the end of all:"

The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne, my queen, hath bid the world good night.

In addition to the fuller phrases wherein are shown the blessedness of sleep, or the remediless nature of its loss, many brief sentences occur scattered throughout the plays, and emphasizing the same great lesson. For instance:

> Now o'er one half the world
> Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
> The curtained sleep.
> With Him above
> To ratify our work, we may again
> Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights.

> You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

> My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

> For never yet one hour in his bed
> Have I enjoyed the golden dew of sleep.

> For some must watch and some must sleep,
> So runs the world away.

> How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon that bank.

> The best of rest is sleep.

> Our little lives are rounded with a sleep.

The various passages cited above prove and illustrate that no author has written so feelingly, so appreciatingly, as Shakespeare on the subject of sleep and its loss.

The diligent commentators on his works have

investigated laboriously the sources from which he drew his plots and many of the very lines of his poems. He was a great borrower; absorbing, digesting, and making his own much of the material of his predecessors. But it is a noteworthy fact, that none of the exquisite lines in praise of sleep – that gift which the Psalmist says the Lord giveth to his beloved – can be traced to other source than the master. These are jewels of his own; transcripts from his own mournful experience. In middle life he remembered hopelessly the tranquil sleep of his lost youth, as

> He that is stricken blind cannot forget
> The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.

He had suffered from insomnia, and he writes of this, not "as imagination bodies forth the forms of things *unknown*," but as one who, in words burning with indestructible life, lays open to us the sombre record of what was experience before it was song; who makes us the sharers of his griefs; who would awaken in the similarly afflicted of all time that compassionate sympathy which goes out to those whose burdens are almost greater than they can bear.

Chapter II

The meagre information we have as to the life and habits of Shakespeare would seem to make it an almost hopeless task now to discover the causes of his insomnia. He wrote a marvellous body of literature, and it might be thought this labor itself would suffice as an explanation: that the furnace heat in which the conceptions of Hamlet and Macbeth and Lear were wrought in the crucible of his brain would be fatal to repose. But his contemporaries speak of him as an easy and rapid writer; one whose imagination is only paralleled by the ease, the force and beauty of the phrase in which it is embodied. We are told, too, by Doctor H. A. Johnson, an eminent medical authority, in the second volume of his treatise on the pathology of the optic nerve, that it is not work, even heavy and continuous, but worry over this work, which drives away repose and shortens life.

I had observed, in collating the many passages in Shakespeare concerning sleep, that the greater number, and those bearing evidence of deepest earnestness, occurred in six plays: "Richard

III.," "Macbeth," "1 Henry IV.," "Hamlet," "2 Henry IV.," and "Henry V." The chronology of Shakespeare's plays seems almost hopeless, scarcely any two writers agreeing as to the order of the plays or the years in which they were written. Several of the most critical authorities, however, Dyce, White, Furnival, and Halliwell-Phillipps, are agreed that two of the plays above named were written in 1593, three in 1602, and one in 1609. This would seem to indicate that during these three years unusual perplexities or anxieties had surrounded our author; and on noting this, it occurred to me that on these points the series of papers recently discovered and called the Southampton manuscripts, which are not yet published, might give light. I accordingly addressed a letter to the Director of the British Museum, where the manuscripts are placed for safe keeping, and received the following reply:

British Museum, Office of Chief Curator, Department of Manuscripts, London, Feb. 14, 1886.

Sir: I am directed by the Curator to acknowledge the receipt of your valued favor of February 1, transmitting for preservation and reference in the library of this institution –

1. The manuscript of the farewell address of Dr. Charles Gilman Smith, on his retirement to private life from the presidency of the Chicago Literary Club.

2. The manuscript of the inaugural address of his successor in the office (which is a public trust) James S. Norton, Esq.

3. An affidavit of Doctor W. F. Poole, that both manuscripts are originals, and in the handwriting of their eminent authors.

The Curator further instructs me to convey to you the thanks of the Board of Governors for these highly important papers, and to state to you that they may be found on file in subcompartment Number 113,280 of Contemporary Documents.

I am further instructed by the Curator to inform you that compliance with your request that this institution reciprocate your kindness by loaning to you all papers from the recently discovered Southampton Shakespeare Collection, bearing date in the years 1593, 1602, and 1609, is contrary to the regulations of this institution. If you cannot visit London to examine these interesting manuscripts, copies will be made and transmitted you for three halfpence per folio, payment by our rules invariably in advance. I note that you are evidently in error upon one point. The collection contains no letters or manuscripts of Shakespeare. It is composed principally of letters written to Shakespeare by various people, and which, after his death, in some way came into the possession of the Earl of Southampton. His death, so soon after that of Shakespeare, doubtless caused these letters to be lost sight of, and they were but last year discovered in the donjon of the castle. I have examined the letters for the years you name, and find that copies

of the same can be made for £3.3s., exclusive of postage. Very respectfully yours,

JOHN BARNACLE, *10th Assistant Sub-secretary.*

The money having been forwarded, I received in due time the copies. At the first date, 1593, Shakespeare was a young dramatist and actor struggling for recognition, poor and almost unknown; in 1602 he had won an assured position among his fellows, and, with the thrift which characterized him, had secured an interest in the Globe Theatre, where his plays were performed; in 1609 he was in the fullness of his contemporary fame, had bought valuable property in Stratford, and was contemplating retirement to his country home.

The following are the letters from the Southampton collection which serve to throw light upon the insomnia of Shakespeare. They are given in their chronological order, and verbatim, but not literatim, the orthography having been modernized. The first of the letters, dated in 1593, is from a firm of lawyers, Messrs. Shallow and Slender, and is as follows:

INNER TEMPLE, LONDON, Feb. 15, 1593.

To WILLIAM SKAKESPEARE: Mr. Moses Solomons, an honored client of our firm, has placed with us, that payment may be straightway enforced, a bill drawn by John Heminge, for £10., due in two months from the date

thereof, and the payment of which was assured by you in writing. This bill has been for some days overdue, and Mr. Solomons is constrained to call upon you for payment at once. Your prompt attention to this will save the costs and annoyance of an arrest.

The second letter is from the same parties, and bears date four days later than the first.

INNER TEMPLE, Feb. 19, 1593.

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: Recurring to certain statements made by yourself at our chambers yesterday, we have considered the same, and have likewise the opinion thereon of our client, Mr. Solomons. As we do now recall them, you nominated three principal grounds why you should not be pressed to pay the bill drawn by Mr. Heminge. First, that you received no value therefor, having put your name to the bill upon the assurance that it was a matter of form, and to oblige a friend.

To this we rejoin, that by the law of estoppel you are precluded to deny the consideration after the bill hath passed into the holding of a discounter unnotified of the facts.

Second, That, as our client paid but £1. for the bill, he should not exact £10. thereon. To the which we reply, that, so a valuable consideration was passed for the bill, the law looketh not to its exact amount. It is also asserted by our client that, beyond actual coin given for the bill, he did further release to John Heminge certain tinsel crowns, swords, and apparel appurtenant to the

representation of royalty, which had before then – to wit, two weeks before – been pledged to him for the sum of 8 shillings, borrowed by the said Heminge.

Third, That it was impossible for you to pay the bill, you having no money, and receiving no greater income than 22 shillings per week, all of which was necessary to the maintenance of yourself and family. We regret again to call to your notice the Statute of 16 Eliz., entitled, "Concerning the Imprisonment of Insolvent Debtors," which we trust you will not oblige us to invoke in aid of our suffering client's rights. To be lenient and merciful is his inclination, and we are happy to communicate to you this most favorable tender for an acquittance of his claim. You shall render to us an order on the Steward of the Globe Theatre for 20 shillings per week of your stipend therein. This will leave to you yet 2 shillings per week, which, with prudence, will yield to you the comforts, if not the luxuries, of subsistence. In ten weeks the face of the bill will be thus repaid. For his forbearance in the matter of time, which hath most seriously inconvenienced him, he requires that you shall pay him the further sum of £2. as usury, and likewise that you do liquidate and save him harmless from the charges of us, his solicitors, which charges, from the number of grave and complicated questions which have become a part of this case and demanded solution, we are unable to make less than £4. We should say five, but your evident distress hath moved us to gentleness and mercy. These added sums are to be likewise embraced in the Steward's order, and paid

at the same rate as the substance of the bill, and should you embrace this compassionate tender, in the brief period of sixteen weeks you will be at the end of this indebtedness.

The next letter is dated the following month, and is from Henry Howard, an apparent pawnbroker.

QUEEN STREET, LONDON, March 10, 1593.

To WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Actor: These presents are to warn you that the time has six days since passed in which you were to repay me; 8 shillings, and thereby redeem the property in pledge to me; namely, one Henry VIII. shirt of mail and visor, and Portia's law book, and the green bag therefor. Be warned that unless the 8 shillings and the usance thereof be forthcoming, the town-crier shall notify the sale of the sundry articles named.

The next letter, and the last in this period of the poet's career, 1593) is from Mordecai Shylock.

FLEET STREET, NEAR THE SIGN OF THE
HOG IN ARMOR, Nov. 22, 1593.

To WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: I have been active in the way you some days since besought me; namely, the procuring for you a loan of £5., that you might retire a bill upon which you were a guarantor. As I then told you, I have no money myself, being very poor; but I have a friend who has money with which I can persuade him to relieve your wants. Had I myself the money, I should gladly meet your needs at a moderate usance, not more

than twenty-five in the hundred; but my friend is a hard man, who exacts large returns for his means, and will be very urgent that repayment be made on the day named in the bill. He hath empowered me to take your bill at two months – for him, mind you – for £10., the payment to be assured, as you wished, by the pledge of your two new plays in manuscript – "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Romeo and Juliet" – for which bill he will at my strong instance, and because you are a friend to me, give £5. My charge for services in this behalf, which hath consumed much time, will be £1., which I shall straightway pay out in the purchase of a new gown, much needed by my little daughter Jessica, who loves you and recalls often the pleasant tales you do repeat for her diversion.

The letters in the second period (1602) are nine years later than those just read. The first is from the same Mordecai Shylock, who, with the poet, seems to have prospered in worldly affairs, as his letters are dated in a more reputable portion of the city.

THREADNEEDLE STREET, LONDON, April 17, 1602.

To WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: In January last past you purchased of Richard Burbage four shares of the stock of the Globe Theatre for £100., and inasmuch as you had not available the whole means to pay therefor, borrowed from me the £60. wanting, paying yourself £40. of such purchase price, and giving me in pledge for my £60. such four shares of stock. Owing to special attractions at

Blackfriars' Theatre, the stock of the Globe hath greatly declined in value, and I fear these four shares may not longer be salable at the price of even £60., and I therefore must importune that you forthwith do make a payment of £20. on your said bill, or the four shares of stock will be sold at public vendue.

The next letter is from the same writer, and is dated nine days later.

THREADNEEDLE STREET, April 26, 1602.

To WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: I acknowledge to have received from you by the hand of Henry Condell £5., and two of your own shares in the stock of the Globe Theatre in further pledge of your bill of £60., as was engaged between us yesterday. It pains me to make known to you that, owing to the great demands recently made upon the goldsmiths by her sacred Majesty, money hath become very dear; and as it was not my own lent you, I have been obliged to pay above the usance expected a further premium of seventeen in the hundred, which I pray you to presently repay me. I am told that shares in the Globe can now be bought at £15.; and inasmuch as yours were bought at £25., should you acquire other shares at £15., it would serve to equate your havings.

The next letter, from the same broker, is written but a few days later.

THREADNEEDLE STREET, May 12, 1602.

To WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: Acting as requested by you, I did one week ago buy for you three shares in the Globe

Theatre for £15. each, using in such purchase the £15. given me by you, and £30., not of mine own, but which was furnished me by a goldsmith of repute. Yesterday I learned that shares were offered at £10. each, perchance from the efforts of forestallers, as also from the preaching of a dissenter, who fulminates that the end of the world is but three weeks away, which hath induced great seriousness among the people. Unless you can pay me, therefore, as much as £40. on the morrow I shall be constrained to offer such shares to the highest bidder at the meeting of the guild.

The next letter is also from the same Mordecai Shylock, and is dated four days later.

THREADNEEDLE STREET, May 16, 1602.

To WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: My earnest epistle to thee of four days since having elicited no response, I did on the following day offer at the meeting of the Brokers' Guild some of the shares of the stock in the Globe pledged to me, and three shares were bidden at £9. each by my brother, Nehemiah Shylock. As I offered next all the rest, one Henry Wriothsley, Earl of Southampton, did ask to whom the shares belonged, and when he was enlightened, did straightway take all the shares and pay me the whole balance owing, and called me divers opprobrious names. I answered not his railing with railing, for sufferance is the badge of all our tribe, but such slander is illy bestowed on one who has been your friend for long, and who was but striving to avert his own destruction.

The next letter in order is from one William Kempe, who would seem to be the business manager of the Globe Theatre, or the person having in charge the unskilled labor connected with the playhouse.

Globe Playhouse, Employment Bureau, May 25, 1602. William Shakespeare: In much tribulation do I write thee as to the contention which hath arisen among our stock actors and supes of the Globe. Nicholas Bottom, whom you brought from the Parish workhouse in Stratford, is in ill humor with thee in especial. He says when he played with you in Ben Jonson's comedy, "Every Man in his Humor," he was by far the better actor and did receive the plaudits of all; despite which he now receives but 6 shillings each week, while you are become a man of great wealth, having gotten, as he verily believes, as much as £100. Vainly did I oppose to him that the reason you had money when he had none was in verity that you had labored when he was drunken, and that this was to his profit, since, had not you and the other holders of shares in the Globe saved somewhat of money, unthrifty groundlings of his ilk would starve, as there would be none to hire them at wages; but he avers that he is ground in the dust by the greed of capital, and hath so much prated of this that he hath much following, and accounteth himself a martyr. I said to him that at your especial order he was paid 6 shillings per week, which was double his worth, and that he should go elsewhere if he was not content, as I could daily get a better

man for half his wages; but he will not go hence, nor will he perform, and has persuaded others to join with him, his very worthlessness having made him their leader, and they threaten, unless they may receive additional 4 shillings per week, and a groat each night for sack, they will have no plays performed, nor will they allow others to be hired in their stead. They do further demand that you shall write shorter plays; that you shall write no tragedies requiring them to labor more than three hours in the rendition; that you shall cut out as much as twelve pages each in "Richard III." and "Othello," and fifteen pages from "Hamlet," that they may not labor to weariness, and may have more hours to recreation and improvement at the alehouse. I know not what to do. If I yield them their demands, nothing will be left for the owners of shares in the Globe; and if I do not, I fear mobs and riots. Fain would I receive thy counsel, which shall have good heed.

The next letter is the last in the period under review, and bears date four days later than the one just quoted from William Kempe.

At the Elephant & Magpie Inn, London, May 29, 1602. To William Shakespeare: This is written to thee by John Lely, a clerk, in behalf of Nicholas Bottom, who useth not the pen, and who says to me to tell William Shakespeare, fie upon him that he did order the aforesaid Bottom to be locked out of the Globe Playhouse. Hath he forgotten the first play he, Willliam Shakespeare, did ever write, to wit, "Pyramus and Thisbe,"

when a boy at Stratford, which was played by himself and Nicholas Bottom and Peter Quince and others, in a barn, for the delectation of the townsmen? And is not this same play a part of his "Midsummer Night's Dream," which beggarly play he did sell for £10., and hath not Nicholas Bottom first and always been an ass therein? Doth he refuse to render to Nicholas Bottom 10 shillings per week when he can get £10. or even £11. for a beggarly play, which is nought unless it be acted? Many a time hath he paid me from a sponging house; often hath he given me groats for sack, and for purges when sack hath undone me; and did I ever insult him to offer to repay him a penny? Say to him, remembereth he not when the horses ridden by Duncan and Macbeth upon the stage did break through the floor, who, affrighted, did run howling away, whereby Burbage was aroused and did pick him, William Shakespeare, from among the horses' feet and save his life? And now, sweet Will, fie upon thee that thou didst frown upon thy townsman. Delay not to send me sundry shillings for the publican, who believes you will discharge, as often before, my reckoning. This, and much more of like tenor, saith Nicholas Bottom to William Shakespeare by your worship's humble servant,

JOHN LELY

The letters in the third period bear date in 1609, seven years later than those last quoted. The first is from Reverend Walter Blaise, who appears to be the clergyman at Stratford-on-Avon.

STRATFORD, Feb. 23, 1609.

TO WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: John Naps, of Greece, who did recently return to his home here from London, safely has delivered to Anne, your wife, the package entrusted to him for carriage. As your wife hath not the gift of writing, she does desire that I convey to you her thanks for the sundry contents of the hamper. She hath also confided to me as her spiritual adviser that she did diligently ply John Naps with questions as to his visit to you in London, and that said John Naps, under her interrogatories, has revealed to her much that doth make her sick at heart and weary of life.

Item. He doth report that you do pass among men as a bachelor, and, with sundry players and men of that ilk, do frequent a house of entertainment kept by one Doll Tearsheet, and do kiss the barmaid and call her your sweetheart.

Item. He doth also report that you did give to the daughter of the publican at whose house you do now abide, a ring of fine gold, and did also write to her a sonnet in praise of her eyebrows and her lips, and did otherwise wickedly disport with the said damsel.

Item. He doth further report of you that you did visit, with one Ben Jonson, on the Sabbath-day, a place of disrepute, where were cock-fights and the baiting of a bear, and that with you were two brazen women, falsely called by you the wife and sister of Ben Jonson.

These things do overmuch grieve Anne, who hath been to you a loyal wife and a true, and she desires that you do forthwith renounce your evil ways and return to the

new house at Stratford, and in ashes and sackcloth repent of your wanderings from the straight and narrow way.

Thus far have I spoken to you as the mouthpiece and vicegerent of Anne, your wife, who is in sore affliction and deep grief by reason of your transgressions. But, beloved lamb of my flock, I should be unworthy my high and sacred calling did I not lift up also my rebuking voice as a pelican in the wilderness, and adjure you to beware of concupiscence and fleshly lust, which unceasingly do war upon the human soul. Thinkest thou to touch pitch and remain undefiled?

The next letter is from the firm of Coke and Dogberry, lawyers in London.

INNER TEMPLE, March 8, 1609.

To WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: We have been retained by Mistress Anne Page as her solicitors to bring against you an action, for that you have not fulfilled and in sooth cannot fulfil with her a contract of marriage, and to seek against you under the laws of this realm heavy damages and an imprisonment of the body, in that you have in unholy ways trifled with her affections, contrary to the statute in such cases provided. She especially avers that you did, two days before Michaelmas, swear to her on a parcel gilt goblet that you did love her alone, and did then give to her a bracelet of price. But yesterday, as she was bargaining with a yeoman named Christopher Sly, from Stratford, for the purchase of a spotted pig of his own fattening, the said Sly did reveal to her that

you were his friend, and that you had wife and children in your native town where he dwelt. We beg you to straightway name to us your solicitors, that we may confer with them and attend to the issuance of the writs.

I have aimed to select from the letters sent me only those bearing on some trouble tending to cause sleeplessness on the part of the poet, but make an exception in case of a letter of Sir Walter Raleigh, next in chronological order, which refers to matters of general interest.

THE MERMAID, March 20, 1609.

TO WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: Full well do I know, my dearest Will, that often hast thou wondered of the fate of thy £50., which, with a hundred times as much of mine own, was adventured to found an empire in America. Great were our hopes, both of glory and of gold, in the kingdom of Powhatan. But it grieves me much to say that all hath resulted in infelicity, misfortune, and an unhappy end. Our ships were wrecked, or captured by the knavish Spaniards. Our brave sailors are perished. As I was blameworthy for thy risk, I send by the messenger your £50., which you shall not lose by my over-hopeful vision. For its usance I send a package of a new herb from the Chesapeake, called by the natives tobacco. Make it not into tea, as did one of my kinsmen, but kindle and smoke it in the little tube the messenger will bestow. Be not deterred if thy gorge at first rises against it, for, when thou art wonted, it is a balm for all

sorrows and griefs, and as a dream of Paradise. And now, my sweet Will, whom my soul loveth, why comest thou not as of yore to the "Mermaid," that I may have speech with thee? Thou knowest that from my youth up I have adventured all for the welfare and glory of our Queen Elizabeth. On sea and on land and in many climes have I fought the accursed Spaniards, and am honored by our sovereign and among men, and have won both gold and fame; but all this would I give, and more, for a tithe of the honor which in the coming time shall assuredly be thine. Thy kingdom is of the imagination, and therefore hath no limit or end. Thy wise sayings are ever with me. Thou art the "immediate jewel of my soul," as thyself hast written. When I am bruised with adversity, I remember thy saying, "He fighteth as one weary of his life," and my courage comes; and even when I consider the solemn end of all, and that I do march the way to dusty death, still, in thy words, do I hope for grace "by Christ's dear blood, shed for our grievous sins."

Another letter is from Lord Bacon, and is as follows:

GRAY'S INN, LONDON, March 23, 1609.

FOR MY BELOVED WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, These: By the hand of my messenger have I received thy courteous epistle of this morning and thy admirable sonnet to the fair Lady Mary in return for mine own, which I had sent to thee for suggestion and amendment. Understandingly do I say thy sonnet; and on thy part it is a

pleasantry to call it mine, for scarcely can I recognize aught of mine own handiwork save the name of the sweet lady to whom the sonnet is addressed. Fain would I claim a share in the creation of this exquisite work; yet at most, from suggestion of the theme alone, my portion can be but that of the humble grub, which may assert that but for itself the radiant butterfly, which rivals the splendors of the rainbow and the sunset, had not been born.

At first I marvelled that in thy pæan of praise to this gracious lady thou hadst suppressed all my tribute to her beauty, which is as of the golden dawn; yet even here I now recognize thy supreme merit, for daily and hourly are sung to her the praises of this loveliness until the story is as a tale that is told and a weariness to the understanding; but thy commendations of her wisdom will be as fresh and fragrant incense, nor will their truthfulness be too closely scanned.

Thou knowest that I have taken all knowledge to be my province, and therefore have I oft and longingly gazed into the flowery fields of that divine art where to-day in our much-loved England thou art disporting thyself supremely and alone. But when I consider thy tragedies, throughout which is diffused the inmost soul of poesy, my crude yet labored metres seem to me as the body of a maiden, not indeed devoid of a certain comeliness and grace, yet into whose waiting bosom hath not yet been breathed the spirit of life.

In thy tragedies thou hast the majestic grace which in the Attic ages belonged to Sophocles alone; thou has the

stately march and music of Æschylus, without in thy themes his ceaseless iteration of predestined woe which ranks his heroes outside humanity; yet the sombre hand of fate hath not more inflexibly driven the gentle Iphigenia to her doom than it hath followed Macbeth to his foreshadowed crime and end. But in thy canticles it is not an o'ershadowing, mysterious, and tragic fate, but a gracious and loving Providence which, as thyself hath phrased it,

> "Holds in His hands the shears of destiny,
> And has commandment on the pulse of life."

In comedy, Aristophanes is not thy master, yet must I greatly choose thy tragedies as monuments of thy abiding fame. Funeral dolors rather than bridal carols inspire even the harp of David, beloved of the Lord; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost toucheth ever the shadowed phases of our earthly lives.

I am minded to now advert to another topic from the tale told me by Southampton that thou were presently to publish a volume of thy sugared sonnets. May I pray thee that this collection compass not the two sonnets written by thee for me in laud of our Queen Elizabeth, and the one of this morning? As thou knowest, these first were presented to our gracious Sovereign as mine own, and did so pleasure her as to chiefly prosper my advancement. Were the true author now known it might sadly mar my fortunes. In the vastness of thy riches, the absence of these gems shall not be noted. The loss of a star dims not the splendor of the constella-

tions. The glorious sun seeks not to reclaim the lustre his rays have given to the tiny dewdrop. Withal I have rendered to thee somewhat of recompense as I have spoken at sundry times to her gracious Majesty and to our present anointed Sovereign of thy dramas, and fostered as best I might thy interests when they crossed not mine own. So I trust this boon may be awarded me, and that my borrowed splendors may not be stripped away. Thy immeasurable superiority, as again evidenced in the sonnet to the Lady Mary, has fixed anew my resolve as to my predestined field of labor. Not for my brow shall be woven the Poet's garland of bays. Yet abundant self-confidence is mine, and I augur that in the great work for which I would fain believe the ages are waiting, will be made clear my award to be the high priest of Nature. Exact sciences not yet born shall be my servitors and the augmenters of my fame. By the methods I have discerned shall mankind discover and apply those beneficent innovations which are the chiefest births of time. Yet even this hope hath its flavor of bitterness, as thus guided my pupils may far overpass me and my memory be lost. But the love of beauty and melody in poesy is of perennial life, and thy memory shall survive the mutations of time, and shall be the Nation's heritage while fancy and imagination dwell in the souls of men.

Anew do I now discern that the meditation of Nature and her laws, mysterious yet exact, consorteth not with the airy fancies of the Poet's vision, and that our paths

are diverse, yet each guiding to what is useful and divine.

Farewell! and until the dolors of death are mine shall I remember thy sweet, loving kindness, and admire thy shining genius where wit and wisdom guide the flight of a sovereign imagination.

Ever thy friend, FRANCIS BACON.

One special point is notable in this letter from Bacon. His ordinary correspondence is thickly sprinkled with quotations in the ancient tongues. As he was well acquainted with Shakespeare, this omission of his customary Latin phrases would indicate that he recognized Shakespeare's lack of a thorough classical education.

The next, and the last letter in the collection which seems to have a bearing upon the sleeplessness of Shakespeare, is also from Reverend Walter Blaise.

STRATFORD, April 3, 1609.

To WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: Sir Thomas Lucy, who is in her Majesty's commission as a Justice of the Peace in this bailiwick, yesterday did inform me that he had been questioned from London if you were a married man, and if yes, when and to whom you were wedded. As the parish records are in my keeping, I could but bestow the information sought, although with great sinking of heart, as a well-wisher to you, who, though given overmuch to worldly frivolities and revels, yet are a worthy citizen,

and a charitable and a just. Greatly did I fear this knowledge was sought to thy injury. Hast thou led a blameless life, the gates of hell shall not prevail against thee; but the wicked stand on slippery ways. Anne, thy wife, to whom I did unbosom my fears, is in much tribulation lest thou are unfaithful to thy marriage vows, and again beseeches me to urge thee to come forth from wicked Babylon and dwell in thy pleasant home in Stratford. Thou art become a man of substance, and hast moneys at usuary. I have read of thy verses and plays, which, albeit somewhat given to lewdness, and addressed to gain the favor of the baser sort, yet reveal thee to be a man of understanding. I cannot, as it is rumored do some of thy town associates, award the title of poet, which title is reserved for the shining ones; but thou hast parts. There are many parish clerks, and even some curates in this realm, scarcely more liberally endowed in mind than thou. But greatly do I fear that thou art little better than one of the wicked. How hast thou put to use this talent entrusted thee by the Master of the vineyard? In the maintenance of the things which profit not; in seeking the applause of the unworthy; in the writing of vain plays, which, if of the follies of youth, may be forgiven and remembered not against thee, provided in riper years you put behind you these frivolities, and atone for the mischief thou hast wrought by rendering acceptable service to the Master; by coming to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Gladly would I take thy training in charge, and guide thy tottering feet along the flowery paths of Homiletics. Who know-

eth into what vessels the All-seeing One may elect to pour his spirit? Perchance in mercy I may be spared to behold thee a faithful though humble preacher of the Word. Anne, thy wife, often hath likened me to a great light upon a high hill-top, shining in the darkness far away. I would not magnify my powers, but not to all is it given to be mighty captains of a host. Yet, according to thy gifts might thy work be, and a little candle shining in a darkened valley hath its place.

In the light of these letters, some passages in "Richard III." and the "Comedy of Errors," written in the same year (1609), have an added significance. In "Richard III," Gloster says to Anne:

> Your beauty was the cause of that effect:
> Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep,
> To undertake the death of all the world,
> So I might live one hour in thy sweet bosom.

In the "Comedy of Errors," the Abbess says to Adriana:

> The venom clamors of a jealous woman
> Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
> It seems his sleep was hindered by thy railing.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
> To be disturbed, would mad or man or beast.
> The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits
> Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

Note, too, the kindred thought:

> Love hath chased sleep from my enthrallèd eyes.

And again this passage, called forth possibly by the letters of the Reverend Walter Blaise:

> Slander,
> Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
> Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
> Rides on the posting winds and doth belie
> All corners of the world.

As also this:

> Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
> Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
> Whiles, like a puffed and reckless libertine,
> Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
> And recks not his own rede.

From these several letters sufficiently appear the causes for the insomnia of Shakespeare, which are some of the same causes resulting in its prevalence to-day. They illustrate anew that history repeats itself forever; that humanity is always the same; that like temptations and errors come to men with like results in all the centuries; that the sleeplessness of Shakespeare came, because, merely as a matter of form, he had indorsed for a friend; because he had bought more stocks than he could pay for, and when his margins were

absorbed, came forth a shorn and shivering lamb; because of the turbulence of labor; because, alas! he too had been dazzled and bewildered by

> The light that lies
> In woman's eyes.

Marvellous as were the endowments of the master, yet was he human and as one of us.

POSTSCRIPT BY THE EDITOR

While this and other essays were written without intention or thought of misleading, and with only a chosen audience of intimates in mind, it is an interesting fact, that as long as he lived Mr. Head received occasional letters from intelligent but literal readers impressed with the importance of his documents. Twenty-four years after the paper was written he received indignant letters from a Shakespearian enthusiast, who demanded an explanation of his duplicity, which had been discovered through efforts to get additional data from the British Museum, and who was able to clinch the matter with this devastating evidence:

British Museum, London, w.c., April 16, 1910.

Dear Sir: In reply to your letter of April 4, I have to say that the letters to Shakespeare, printed in Franklin H. Head's *Shakespeare's Insomnia* (1886), are purely imaginary. No such letters exist here, or anywhere else. The letter purporting to be written by a secretary from this Museum (p. 48) is also fictitious. No such person, or office, as "John Barnacle, Tenth Assistant Sub-Secretary" ever existed here. Yours faithfully,

F. G. Kenyon.

[Judge] H. C. Howard, Paris, Kentucky.

Another group of amusing complications had origin in the fact that Head's prominence in business and social matters, together with his literary reputation, made his latest paper or speech a news item of considerable local interest, which Chicago newspapers eagerly "featured" editorially as well as on their front pages. In this way matters intended for the pleasure of say the Chicago Literary Club also gave pleasure, and sometimes pain, far afield.

Here is an example where pleasure was enjoyed in New York through the infliction of pain in Cleveland, while Milwaukee helped the good work along by reprinting. The episode gains value from its glowing light upon the amenities of partisan journalism in the eighties when the editorial desk-motto appears to have been "Say it with skunks."

The Milwaukee *Sentinel* of December 1, 1886, quotes the New York *Sun* with an appreciative headline as follows:

MR. DANA IN LUCK

His Hebetudinous Crank taken in by Franklin Head's Book

New York Sun: December 1, 1886. A clever burlesque of a certain sort of Shakespearean investigation was printed in Chicago not long ago for private circulation only, with the title *Shakespeare's Insomnia and its Causes.* The insomnia of the poet was inferred from the many passages in the plays which refer to sleep and its blessings. The ingenious author of the brochure then proceeded to account for Shakespeare's nocturnal wakefulness by offering in evidence certain letters alleged to have been copied from "the Southampton papers in the British Museum," and purporting to have been written to the poet by his employes in the Globe Playhouse and others. These documents suggest the annoyances and worry to which Shakespeare was subjected in the capacity of theatrical manager – both enough to keep any man awake of nights. The humor of these epistles is extravagant enough, and the burlesque motive sufficiently apparent to acquit the author of any intention of deceit in the construction of the bogus documents.

There is one man in the United States, and one only, who could possibly be expected to take this clever burlesque in dead earnest; and by a singular chance a copy of it fell into his hands. We mean, of course, the Hebetudinous Crank. In the Cleveland *Leader* of November 21, Mr. Cowles copies from Mr. Franklin H. Head's

pamphlet the subjoined epistle, explaining with great seriousness that it "was found among the treasures of the British Museum."

[A complete copy follows of the letter from William Kempe, of the Employment Bureau of the Globe Playhouse, reporting the demands and threatened strike of the theatrical employees.]

Will it be believed that our delightful specimen not only swallows this extraordinary document without the slightest suspicion of its humorous purpose, but actually offers it as proof that in Shakespeare's time the boycott existed, and that the demands of dissatisfied labor found expression in very much the same way as now?

Mr. Cowles points out in his inimitable fashion the importance of the discovery. "This letter" says the Hebetudinous Crank, "is as applicable now to some of the peculiarities of the apparently irrepressible conflict between labor and capital as it was when it was written nearly three centuries ago." He advances the theory that Shakespeare 'got even' with Nicholas Bottom for stirring up trouble in the 'Employment Bureau' of the Globe Playhouse by afterward putting him into the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' as a ridiculous character with asses' ears; and that parts of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' employ the poet's ideas on the labor question. 'After reading the above letter,' he remarks with delicious gravity, 'and applicable parts of the comedy referred to, a good many people will be more than ever convinced that some inspiration runs through

Shakespeare's works, or that the events of today are merely repetitions on an enlarged scale of the issues and conclusions of centuries ago."

A good many people write to us asking for an exact definition of hebetudinosity. We hope to be able to formulate one by and by; but the present stage of our study of the subject is that of observation and accumulation and verification of facts, rather than of the dogmatic statement of results. New features, new phases, new vistas of hebetudinosity appear from time to time. Some of them are amazing, even to us. It is far from our purpose to interrupt the delicate and critical study of this unique phenomenon, in order to rush prematurely to conclusions which subsequent developments may render valueless to science.

The tender hearted should remember that while Dana was undoubtedly the Peerless Queen of the Vitriol Throwers among the Democratic editors of his day, the Republican editor of our own *Leader* was not without resource, and while unfortunately the data are not available, we may tranquilly assume, that whether instant and direct, or strategically deferred to a more auspicious time, his come-back was simply awful. Moreover this was only an interlude. In those days, after a really interested discussion between editors, both parties not infrequently had to bury their clothes.

—G. B. S.

II. DANTE'S BOODLING,

and its Influence upon his Work

DANTE'S BOODLING, AND ITS INFLUENCE UPON HIS WORK [2]

Part I

IN THE RANKS of the great poets, three men stand conspicuous and alone. With their heads among the stars, to their serene and lonely height no others may venture to climb. By the most enduring and final of tests, a constantly growing appreciation of their work, centuries after their times and ages have passed away, Homer, Shakespeare, and Dante seem assured of a world-embracing and undying fame.

No three men can be named more utterly unlike. Each, in a large measure, was the product of his age and of his environment, acting upon a genius, heaven-born, which once perhaps in a millennium is sent among men.

Homer, whom Dante characterizes as

> The monarch of sublimest thought
> Who, o'er the others like an eagle sails,

sings to us of the far-away childhood of the race,

[2] Privately printed for the author, Chicago [1899].

His men and women are people of simple motives, simple theories of life, and narrow experiences. The gods of the mountains, the streams, and the forests, dowered with all human powers and weaknesses, were as real as Helen or Agamemnon or the white-armed Nausicaa. An unusual dream was as the voice of God, and the flight of a flock of birds might change the destiny of a nation. Diplomacy in its modern sense was unknown, and the thoughts, motives, and passions of the men of his age are more open to us than those of our everyday neighbors.

Shakespeare gives us not alone a graphic picture of the age of Elizabeth, but an embodiment of all the wisdom which had survived from all the foregone ages. Every human passion found in all sorts and conditions of men is to him as an open book. He holds the mirror up to all the variant moods of nature. He is the supreme poet of humanity. He is the master of language, which, to him, is plastic as clay in the potter's hands. At his bidding, it sings soft and sweet as the harp of Aeolus, or is marshaled in periods resonant as the Psalms of David, or majestic as the voice of the multitudinous sea.

Dante occupies a much narrower field. While the writings of Shakespeare and Homer are lucid

and easily understood, his are pervaded by the vague, mysterious, and incomprehensible metaphysics and the subtle scholasticisms of his age. His admirers find in many passages of his writings the double and concealed meanings, which the Browning students of our day find in *Sordello*. While for his time he had traveled widely and had met the scholars and poets of civilized Europe, yet such intercourse seems in a general way to have but little broadened his horizon, and for him the little commune of Florence was his world. For this reason, his general scheme of the life after death, as set forth in the *Divine Comedy*, would not be for a moment tolerated in our days of the geographical distribution of official patronage. To the people of Florence a town no larger than Burlington or Milwaukee, he assigns nearly all the prominent positions in Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise. He preached the gospel of immeasurable and infinite hate, as well as of exquisite and undying love. But he illumines the pages of the *Divine Comedy* with the white light of perhaps the most exquisite poetic fancy yet vouchsafed to man. He pillories all grades of evil-doers with a pen which holds them up to the execration of men through all the ages. But amid all the horrors of the Inferno, through its chorus of hopeless shrieks and groans

of never-ending agony, through the fearful but not hopeless sorrows of Purgatory, through Limbo, where without hope, they ever live in longing, forever dying but never dead, as well as through the shining abodes of the blest, he walks, tranquil, and serene, and scatters the flowers of an imagination at once chastened and sublime through all the stages of his wonderful journey. Amidst the vivid pictures of a class of sinners, smoking in pockets of redhot rock, amidst another class, writhing in the embrace of poisonous serpents, biting and bitten, men shrinking into snakes, and snakes expanding into men, gleams some enchanting sentence, brightening the scenes of immeasurable horror with that ideal light which never was on sea or land. His outgrown theology, everywhere conspicuous, is that of a bygone and buried age, but despite this perishing of what he considered the foundation and framework of his mighty drama, the artist in this monarch in the poets' realm still assures him wide and loving audience. He was the founder of Italian literature. He was on more familiar terms with Heaven than any of his predecessors, and in an age when the problems of a future life, by reason of the priesthood including the great bulk of educated men, were vastly more discussed than mere temporali-

ties, and in considering these problems, the thought and speech of men dwelt especially upon the punishments of the future life: less upon the happiness to be gained than upon the torments to be escaped beyond the veil, his selection of a theme and his treatment of it were entirely natural.

Dante was one of the early instances of the scholar in politics. He was a man of wide and profound learning, and lived in Florence at a period of wonderful artistic and literary activity. Poets sung in her palaces, and artists garnished her cathedrals. The politics of Florence, to a student of our day, is an inscrutable mystery. By a careful reading of the various histories of Florence, a larger stock of misinformation can be accumulated than by any other method. Voltaire says, "All parties loved liberty and did their best to destroy her." We become familiar with the names of the Guelfs, the Ghibbelines, the Bianchi, and the Neri. Florence prided herself on being an independent city, but recognized the right, either of the Pope or the German Emperor, to act with authority as an arbitrator in case of internal dissensions. As a general rule, the Guelfs and Bianchi preferred the authority of the Pope, while the Ghibbelines and Neri chose that of the German Emperor. Yet, as circumstances changed, each of

these parties is to be found on either side of every possible political question.

In early life Dante was a Guelf, and as such rose to political preferment. His love for Florence was one of the intensest passions of his life, yet after his banishment, he united with the exiled imperialists in urging the German Emperor to attack and conquer the city. Their clamor was, let Florence perish, let her treasures be destroyed, let the Arno flow onward to the sea, red with the costliest blood of the land, so that her exiles may again dwell within her walls.

In Florence itself, both during, before, and after the age of Dante, there raged between the different parties an incessant strife, which seems the absolute summit of unreason. As the balance of power changed, the prominent members of the defeated party were occasionally executed or exiled, and their property confiscated. From the standpoint of to-day, this perpetual warfare appears as causeless as would be a war between red-haired and black-haired men, or the denizens of one side of a street against those of the other side. Despite, however, this endless turmoil, upon one point all were agreed, their love for, and devotion to their beloved Florence. While daily contests made the streets perilous to the passer-by, and the

houses of leaders out of power were torn down by mobs, the work upon the cathedral of San Giovanni went steadily on, and all parties united in heaping honors upon the artists, architects, and men of letters, whose names and work make the age illustrious. From contemporaneous histories, it would appear that, as soon as the army of skilled artisans and artists had completed their twelve-hour day's work upon the cathedral of Saint John, the Duomo, or the Campanile, they went, to a man, upon the warpath against whomever they met upon the streets, and killed or were killed, maimed, or crippled, until the dawn of another divine Italian morning, when those who survived again resumed their labors, striving with a love and civic devotion, which knew no bounds or parallel, that Florence might be the center and soul of the world's artistic life.

Amid such surroundings, Dante was born and educated, and became a partisan in city politics, and after having successfully managed certain of its affairs of a diplomatic nature, was ultimately made one of the six Priors who governed the city. These six Priors had virtually the entire management of its affairs, even more so than the boards of aldermen of modern times, since no mayor had the veto power over their decisions.

He was of the Guelf faction, and a subsequent election having resulted in the triumph of the Ghibbelines, he was relegated to private life. The story of his banishment soon after is familiar to all, and is usually considered a purely political act. Byron's lines in *Childe Harold* represent, doubtless, the usual opinion upon the matter.

Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar
Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore;
Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,
Proscribed the bard whose name forevermore
Their children's children would in vain adore,
With the remorse of ages; and the crown,
Which Petrarch's laureate brow supremely wore,
Upon a far and foreign soil had grown,
His life, his fame, his grave, though rifled, not thine own.

* * *

And Santa Croche wants their mighty dust,
Yet for this want more noted, as of yore,
Than Cæsar's pageant, shorn of Brutus's bust,
Did but of Rome's best son remind her more!
Happier Ravenna! On thy hoary shore,
Fortress of falling empire! honored sleeps
The immortal exile. Arqua, too, her store
Of tuneful relics proudly claims and keeps,
While Florence vainly begs her banished dead and weeps.

I have recently made a careful study of the documentary evidence in the indictment and trial of

Dante, resulting in his banishment, which indicates that other than political offenses were charged against him. The painstaking efforts of the students of Dante have unearthed many points of interest in his career, and the quotations which follow, from the documents bearing upon his exile, are taken from the publications of the German and American Dante societies. The documents are in a somewhat barbarous Latin tongue, translations from which I give. The first decree is dated in January, 1302. Others beside Dante are embraced in its provisions. I give the parts which bear specifically upon the poet.

The decree is very voluminous, exceeding in legal verbiage almost any similar document of our own time, and condemns to fine and banishment five persons. The first part of the decree, after the formal opening, imposes sentences separately upon one Gherardino, and may, therefore, be omitted. The decree considerably condensed, is as follows:

> In the name of the Lord, Amen.
>
> This is the decree or condemning sentence lately made and promulgated by the noble and powerful Lord Cante de Gabrielle de Eugebio, honorable Podesta of the City of Florence, upon the excesses and crimes written below against the men and persons also mentioned. According to the investigations of the dis-

creet and sapient Lord Paulus de Eugebio, Judge to the Lord Podesta, appointed to the office over barratry, unjust extortions and illicit lucre, and by the will and counsel of other judges of the same Podesta, and written down by me, Bonora de Pregio, notary and official to the aforesaid Lord Podesta, and of the Commonwealth of Florence to the same office duly appointed. In the current year of our Lord, 1302, Roman Indiction XV, his holiness Pope Boniface VIII, reigning. We, Cante Podesta, as stated above, publish the condemning sentences in manner following:

Against LORD PALERMIUS DE ALOVETIS, DANTE ALLEGHIERI, LIPPO BACCHUS and ORLANDUCCIO ORLANDI, against whom has been had the inquisition of our own office upon information which has come to our ears, and to the knowledge of our Court, and also through public report, whether these people were in the office of Prior, or otherwise, proving that these people had been guilty of bribery, of receiving illicit lucre and of exorbitant extortions in money, or in goods, either by themselves, or through other parties, in the matter of the election of Priors, in the Commune of Florence, or for the passing of ordinances, or for concessions sought to be obtained, and for obtaining from the Treasury of Florence, above what is allowed by the ordinances of the Commonwealth. Also because they had been guilty of fraud, and of receiving bribes in affairs relating to the Sovereign Pontiff, to the arrival of King Charles, and to the House of Guelfs, and had

plotted for the expulsion from the state of Pistori of those called Nigri, faithful followers of the Holy Roman Church, and for the severing of the compact between said state and the Commune of Florence.

Therefore, Lord Palermius, Dante, Orlanduccio, and Lippo, having been legally cited and required through the nuncio of the State of Florence, that within a certain time, now elapsed, they should appear before us and our Court, for the purpose of defending and exculpating themselves from the inquisition set forth, and they not having appeared, but they rather suffered themselves to be put in ban of the Commonwealth, each has been fined by Duccio Francisci, Public Finer, in the sum of 5,000 small gold florins, which fine they have incurred by absenting themselves contumaciously all of which appears in extenso in the records of our Court.

Be it, therefore, ordained, that each of the parties named being proved guilty, in order that they may receive the fruit of the harvest sown, according to the quality of the seed, and may have retribution according to their deserts, we do by these writings sententially condemn in 5,000 small gold florins by weight for each, to be paid to the Treasury of the State of Florence, and farther that they restore the things illegally extorted to those legally proving it. And that, if they do not pay the amounts within the third day from this sentence, the goods of any one not paying shall be confiscated and destroyed and remain in the State. And if they pay the aforesaid condemna-

> tion, either themselves or by others, not the less shall any one so paying remain without the Province of Tuscany for two years. And in order that the memory of the crimes of Palermius, Dante, Lippo and Orlanduccio be perpetual, it is decreed that their names be inscribed in the records of the people of Florence as forgers, falsifiers, barrators and impostors, and that never hereafter can any of them hold office of trust or receive any privileges from the Commonwealth of Florence, the fine being paid or not.[3]

This decree was made in January, 1302. In the month of March following another decree issued from the same Court, which is in substance much like the first, but which, after reciting that Dante, with others, had, upon sufficient evidence, been found guilty of barratry, bribery, extortions, and of receiving illicit lucre, and having been fined and the fine not having been paid, and that Dante, with others, having been silent as to the crimes charged, and therefore having virtually confessed his guilt, therefore the Court, by additional decree, adjudges that should he ever again appear within the territory of the Commonwealth of Florence, he shall be consumed by fire until he die.[4]

In the year 1311, nine years after the first sentence, the German Emperor was marching toward

[3] See appendix to Dante's Boodling.

[4] See appendix to Dante's Boodling.

Italy with a large army, and as he had been continually appealed to by the different warring factions in Florence to settle their endless quarrels, he issued an order that an amnesty be granted to all persons exiled by either party, and the Florentines, fearful of an attack upon their city in case of disobedience, granted pardon to the most of the exiles, but made an exception in the case of Dante, and some few others by name, on the ground that their crimes against the Commonwealth were considered too great for condonation.

In 1315, thirteen years after the first sentence, Dante having petitioned, as often before, for the privilege of returning to the city, the authorities issued another decree, in which it was ordered that, in view of his many evil deeds against the Commonwealth, in case he should ever return to the city, he should be at once taken to the place of justice and there beheaded.

This, so far as I have been able to ascertain, is the last official utterance by the authorities of Florence, and, as is well known, he never returned to the city.

It will be recalled that in the first decree, it is stated that the evidence upon which the conviction of the crimes charged was based, appears in extenso upon the records of the Court. Such rec-

ords, however, have never been discovered in Florence by the many Dante commentators, and only a part of such evidence can thus far be found at all. The only light upon the detailed charges and evidence against Dante may be found in certain documents in the Vatican library, and these are evidently fragmentary. As appears by these papers, one of the witnesses testifying was one Michel Mol'loni. His evidence in substance was that he was the proprietor of a wine store in the district of Saint Peter the Great, where Dante resided; that his wine rooms were a place of great resort, and among the frequenters was Dante; that many of his poorer patrons owed him money, which, with his deeds of charity to the poor upon Christmas and other chief holidays of the Church, made him a man of wide influence in the politics of Florence; that in the year A.D. 1300, Dante told him that he had been urged by his friends to allow the use of his name as a candidate for the office of Prior; that, upon such urging, he had a desire to be chosen as one of the six Priors of Florence, and asked his (Mol'loni's) influence to obtain such office, promising him a substantial reward in case of his election; that the witness so used his influence, which, with some money furnished by Dante and the family of his wife, greatly aided in his elec-

tion; that Dante being thus elected, he (Mol'loni) called upon him for his promised reward, and Dante directed witness to put in a bid for certain quantities of marble needed for the Cathedral or Baptistry of San Giovanni, at a price named by Dante, which was nearly double the price offered by other bidders; that Dante so managed matters, that witness was awarded the contract, the lower bids being rejected for informality or unsatisfactory quality of the marble, although the marble was the same offered by the witness; that witness furnished such marble, making a profit thereon of 17,000 florins, one-half of which he paid to Dante, as by their agreement.

Another witness was Alberti Ristori, who testified that for many years he had farmed the taxes of six districts of Florence and had been authorized by the various Boards of Priors to receive for his services and for advancing money when needed, ten per cent, to be collected by him above the amount assessed by the officers of the Commonwealth; that soon after the election of Dante to the Priorate, he sent for witness and told him that the six districts of Florence heretofore farmed by him were controlled by said Dante, and he was authorized by said Dante to add fifteen per cent instead of ten per cent to the tax levy, which he

did, thereby making an extra profit of 12,000 florins, one-half of which he gave to Dante.

Another witness was Gherardinum Diodati, who testified that he was a plasterer by trade; that he was introduced to Dante by Michel Mol'loni, and that he plastered much of the interior of the Baptistry during the Priorate of Dante; that he was to be paid two florins per square braccio for finished work, and that he plastered 1,200 square braccia by actual measurement, but that, by direction of Dante, he made a claim for 2,015 square braccia, which claim was audited and allowed by said Dante, whereby witness received 1,630 florins in excess of his just due, 1,000 florins of which he gave Dante and Mol'loni, as was arranged between them.

Another witness was Lapum Ammuniti, who testified that he had a contract for filling a certain tract of marshy land adjoining the river Arno to the height of six braccia, to make it safe from floods and suitable for habitations; that he was to be paid one florin per cubic braccio for such filling by a contract made before the Priorate of Dante; that his work was finished and the work paid for during Dante's term of office; that he was entitled to be paid for 11,890 cubic braccia of filling, but that, at Dante's request, he made a claim for

19,890 cubic braccia, which was certified as correct by Dante, whereby witness received an excess of 8,000 florins, one-half of which he gave to Dante, as had been agreed.

Another witness was Gregorius del Sarto, who testified that he had a contract for the excavation of the large main sewer of the city of Florence at a certain price per cubic braccio for dirt or gravel, and a certain price, six times as great, where the excavation was in rock; that his work was finished during the Priorate of Dante; that in the whole excavation but 1,100 cubic braccia of rock-work was encountered; that, at the request of Dante and Michel Mol'loni, he presented no claim for his work until it was entirely completed and covered in so that it would be difficult to measure the part cut in the rock; that, when this was done at Dante's request, he made a claim for 2,900 cubic braccia of rock-work, and received therefor, his claim having been audited and approved by Dante, as Prior, the sum of 21,600 florins in excess of what was his just due 7,000 florins of which was received by Dante as his share, as agreed between them – and an equal amount by Mol'loni.

Each of the witnesses quoted stated, in his own justification, that Dante had told him that he, Dante, was not a rich man; that he desired to do

great things for Florence, in the way of beautiful buildings and gifts to the poor, and that this was the method by which he wished to provide himself with money for the beautifying of his beloved Florence.

The Vatican manuscripts indicate that there were four other witnesses examined, but the manuscripts are so defaced as to be in parts wholly illegible and no connected meaning can be drawn from them. Detached words, however, indicate that, in one case, the witness had paid to Dante money for a certain franchise as to some method of river transportation, and in the case of another witness, that he had paid money for a monopoly of selling within the city limits the olive oil from the surrounding country.

In making up our judgment as to the guilt or innocence of Dante, from the decrees and testimony offered, we are handicapped by the fact that we have heard the evidence in but one side of the case, but there seems to be no evidence from contemporaneous records that Dante ever denied his guilt or endeavored to prove his innocence. Another fact seems to confirm the presumption of his guilt: he lived in a time of marvelous artistic and literary activity in Florence. The people, while split into factions and constantly warring among

themselves, were a unit in their enthusiastic devotion to their artists and men of letters. At the date of Dante's banishment, he had written and circulated the *Vita Nuova*, a work of promise rather than in itself of permanent value, but long before the last decree of 1315, condemning him to death by beheading in the place of justice, in case he ever again entered the city of Florence, he had written and circulated a large part of the *Divine Comedy*, and was widely recognized as the greatest of Italian poets – as the man who would make illustrious his nation and his age. When this is considered in connection with the fact that seemingly every Florentine hastened to do homage to all those whose life and works would add to the prestige and glory of Florence, it seems incredible that his life-long exile was based upon simply political reasons. For some reason, perhaps now accurately undiscoverable, the poet seems to have earned the execration of the people of his native city of all political parties, since each of the principal factions was in power during his exile – and this makes possible the belief that his malfeasances in office were the ground of his permanent exile.

The testimony of the witness, Michel Mol'loni, the proprietor of the wine house which was a cen-

ter of political influence, whose evidence I first quoted, and who figures also in the testimony of others, indicates that six hundred years ago, as in our own time, a potent factor in city affairs was the saloon in politics. The name Mol'loni has the appearance of an Italian name, but accidentally placing the accent on the middle syllable instead of the first gave it such an Hibernian sound, that I was tempted to an investigation, which made clear the fact that he was a native of the Emerald Isle, originally baptized as Michael Maloney. He was born in Limerick, of poor but Irish parents, ran away while young and went to sea, and after sundry vicissitudes of fortune, located in Florence, became a power in politics, and may have been perhaps the inciter of Dante's fall from grace. A reference to our own age again emphasizes the maxim, "History repeats itself."

Part II

Assuming now that Dante was guilty of the crimes charged against him, it would seem a pertinent inquiry: in what way the entire change, which came over his fortunes after his banishment, affected his literary career. He was early inclined to the profession of letters, the *Vita Nuova* being issued in his twenty-fifth year. It is of value as illustrating the early period of his mental development, and the starting point of his subsequent growth, but it is the immature work of an unpracticed hand. Had he written nothing more, it would have scarcely survived his century, as it has little in matter or manner to distinguish it from the short-lived work of his contemporaries. It combines much of genuine sentiment with much mystical folly; it dilates upon love in the chivalric and conventional mode of his day; is pathetic in its youthful foolishness and poetic, dreamy extravagances. It illustrates that the passion of love, while softening the heart, sometimes similarly affects the brain.

Prior to his banishment, Dante appears to have

been a genial, companionable, and scholarly gentleman, according to the standpoint of his period, with literary tendencies in accord with the tastes and standards of an artificial and Quixotic age. He was popular with his townsmen, as is evidenced by his elevation to municipal office, and to his occasional selection for work of a diplomatic character among the neighboring petty commonwealths. He seems to have felt that his world was a pleasant one in which to live; that his surroundings were to his mind, and to have looked forward to a life of dignified ease, at peace with all men. No trace of his vivid descriptive power, or the intense bitterness toward those differing with himself is found in the period before his exile. In a way, for all his life he was a poetic dreamer, in early life his dreams were of the *Vita Nuova*, in his later life, the fearsome visions of the Sacred Comedy.

The beginning of his exile is the beginning of his great career. He traveled over many lands, studying for the work of his life, not alone the fierce and evil passions and acts of men, with the poet's sweetness turned to fiery scorning, but, too, with the poet's eye and the poet's power, seeing among all the scenes of his wandering the beauties of nature. In the Apennines he recognized

the rafters of Italy. He saw the beavers' ways in the streams of Germany. He studied the shape of the bubbles on the boiling tar, for the calking of ships, in the arsenals of Venice, and reproduced them in one of the fissures of Malebolge, where a certain class of sinners were immersed in boiling pitch, while the devils tore their bodies if any part appeared above the surface. He heard the music of the spheres as he watched the stars in their stately courses. He heard the leaves of the trees, played upon by the wandering breezes, sing their accompaniment to the songs of birds. Nothing great or small escaped his intense and concentrated vision, and his garnerings are preserved in the *Divine Comedy*, "safe against the wash and wear of the ages." Trifling incidents in the lives of insignificant persons, passed out of human importance for six centuries, are alive and cannot perish, from their mere momentary connection with the thought of this one man.

As his period of exile lengthened he left behind him, with one exception – the supremacy of the passion of human love – the ideals of his dreaming youth, and girded himself for his mighty and slowly-maturing plan of unfolding to men the methods of the Power in whose hands are the issues of life and death and immortality. Had his

life been one of tranquil ease, had he never experienced toward himself what he deemed the base ingratitude and evil passions of men, the *Divine Comedy* might never have seen the light. The work to which he had vowed himself in his dreaming youth, that he would say of Beatrice what had never been said of any woman, might have given us Beatrice among the angels in Paradise, without the cantos of Hell and Purgatory.

While it is true that Dante, although nineteen years an exile, was ever homesick and longing for his beloved Florence, yet his travels and his mingling with men, in certain lines, greatly broadened his views. In early life he was naturally a Roman Catholic, and so remained, yet he was perhaps the first advocate for the absolute separation of the Church and State. He wished to see Italy consolidated into one powerful kingdom, with its capitol at Rome, and the Pope, with his residence also at Rome, simply the head of the Church, a change which it required nearly six centuries to bring about. He also came to recognize the wickedness of sundry Popes in their management of temporal affairs, and located them in some of the least desirable circles of Hell. He also disputed the dogma then held almost universally, that all pagans were doomed to eternal death, even if living blameless lives and in total ignorance of the

very existence of Christ. His utterances on this point are far in advance of his age. He says, as translated by Longfellow:

> For saidst thou, Born a man is on the shore
> Of indus, and is none who there can speak
> Of Christ, nor who can read nor who can write:
> And all his inclinations and his actions
> Are good as far as Human reason sees,
> Without a sin in life or in discourse.
> He dieth unbaptized and without faith:
> Where is this justice that condemneth him?
> Where is his fault if he doth not believe?
> Now who art thou that on the bench would sit
> In judgment at a thousand miles away,
> With the short vision of a single span?

Again he says:

> But look thou – many crying are Christ, Christ,
> Who at the judgment shall be far less near
> To him than some shall be who know not Christ.
> Such Christians shall the Ethiop condemn,
> When the two companies shall be divided,
> The one forever rich, the other poor.

These and other passages indicate that upon the poet's vision had dawned the sublime conviction that in the Father's house are many mansions.

At about the age of twenty-six he was married to Gemma Donati, a woman of social position

superior to his own, and of whom his contemporaries have to say naught but words of kindness and praise. The marriage was apparently a happy one and seven children were born to them. From the date of the decree which banished him and confiscated his property in Florence, we know of no communication between him and his loyal wife. If from its position as Prior he had harvested illicit gains, he must have carried them away as Boccaccio and others of her contemporaries speak of the poverty of his wife and her weary struggles to support herself and her seven children, but amid all, with no thoughts or words save of love for her absent lord. By her life and work she seems to have said to him:

> Go forth, go upward and onward, my great, noble, and heroic husband; from the trifles which escaped confiscation, from occasional slight help from my family, and from what I can earn by taking in washing, I will manage to care for myself and our seven children, while you, with your head among the stars, with your mighty poetic spirit communing with itself of the problems of human destiny, shall picture to all coming ages the divine beauty, the womanly perfections, the angelic graces, and the celestial blessedness of Beatrice, wearing upon her bosom the pure white rose of a blameless life, and dwelling and ruling forever in the very city of our God.

From what has been said, we may fairly conclude, therefore, that to the boodling of Dante and his consequent exile, we owe his masterpiece of poetic effort, one of the greatest heirlooms of mankind. He embarked upon the work with two ideas especially before him: one to set forth the punishments of all the wicked, and in this class he places all opposing himself, and the other, to say of Beatrice, the ideal of his dreaming youth, whose name he would make to dwell lovingly and forever on the tongues of men, what had never yet been said of any woman. Upon the point first had in view by Dante, his ideas of punishment for sin were substantially those of the theology of his age. He classified sinners with a minuteness never before attempted, and sought, doubtless honestly, to make the punishment fit the crime. In the character of these punishments, he shows a fiendish brutality unequaled among any savages of whom history makes mention, and this, too, as he explains, upon the behest of the God of infinite mercy, and in evidence of His love for man. Over the portals of Hell he inscribes the words,

> Justice the founder of my fabric moved.
> To rear me was the task of power divine,
> Supremest wisdom and primeval love.

He was a magnificent hater. He rejoices in the

endless torments of his enemies. He asks Virgil, his guide, to have Philip Argenti plunged into the loathsome current of the Styx, and when it is done, thanks God for the pleasure of the view, and tells the wretched sufferer of his rejoicings at his torment. He sees Bocca's head partly projecting above the ice in which he is frozen, and kicks it and tears handfuls of hair from his bleeding scalp, and glories in the act. He rejoices when he sees certain sinners bitten and strangled by poisonous serpents, and others torn and bleeding from the bites of ferocious dogs, and still others permanently frozen or roasted, by which their agonies are promoted. He is jubilant at the decrees which condemn uncounted myriads forever

> To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
> In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice.

But amid all these terrific pictures, the artist and poet is ever present and supreme. His views of the horrors of the Inferno are set forth in lines and phrases of transcendent and eternal beauty, and its blackest depths illumined by the clear light of his exquisite fancy. Even, too, in the Inferno, is seen one trace of his reverence for the passion of human love, told in the digression embodying the story of Francesca de Rimini, whom, with her lover, Paoli, he sees

> Imprisoned in the viewless wind,
> And blown with restless violence round about
> The pendant globe.

His sense of justice would not allow him to overlook or excuse her crime, and she is placed in hopeless sorrow, but in one of the highest and most endurable circles of the Inferno and in the constant society of the only man she ever loved. How her piteous story biased Dante is seen when he puts approvingly on her lips the final word, as to herself, her lover, and her husband who had murdered both:

> Love brought us to one death – Caina waits
> The soul who spilt our life;

Caina being one of the lower and most terrible circles of the infernal pit. This story is told by the poet in words of such exquisite beauty and tenderness that it is known to all the world, and gentle eyes have never ceased to weep over the piteous tragedy of Francesca's life and love and death.

There is one notable difference between Dante and the two other supreme poets. Homer nowhere in his writings reveals his personality. His style is his own, but of his tastes, his surroundings and his loves or hates, we know nothing. Outside the sonnets, the same is true of Shake-

speare. But Dante is everywhere in evidence. Scarcely a page of the *Divine Comedy* but gives us a view of some phase of his unique personality. His exile had filled him with bitterness toward those who opposed him; he had reflected deeply upon the woes of Florence and Italy; upon the mismanagement of the State; upon the corruption and weakness of its public men, and as he recognized himself the sole official topographer of the Medieval Hell, he meted out justice, according to his own standard, to all weak and wicked men. Upon his personal enemies he wreaked exemplary vengeance. In one notable instance he did not even await the death of the sinner before locating him in what he considered his proper environment. Pope Boniface VIII. was believed by Dante to have been in some measure responsible for his exile, as well as an embezzler of the funds of the Church, and Dante provided a place for his suitable reception as soon as he should pass without this earthly life. A pocket was awaiting him, about the size of his person, in the redhot rock, and here he was to stand upon his head through the eternal ages, his blazing feet projecting above the pocket and aiding to make luminous the lurid atmosphere of Hell.

Dante's Hell is not an original creation, but a

composite picture, gathered from the theologies of all ages and races, largely from ancient Jewish traditions, from the pagan poets and from the legends of Germany. Its fiends and devils, its inhabitants, its climate and its somber horrors, are reduced to order by the poet, who supplemented from his own teeming brain whatever it had before lacked in temperature and variety of torment.

The second point had in mind by the poet, after having provided for the punishment of the wicked and his personal vengeance on his enemies, may be styled the apotheosis of Beatrice, and through her, of womankind. His work in this field may also, with much plausibility, be claimed as a result of his illicit lucre and consequent banishment. Beatrice died when the poet was about twenty-four years of age. Soon after her death, he was married and seems to have lived happily with his family, to have prospered in his ambitions, and to have led a contented life for nearly a dozen years. His early vow to say great words of Beatrice seems to have been forgotten. But in his lonely exile, his mind reverted with more than its youthful devotion to his early love. While he had never touched her hand, or heard her voice, she was to him henceforth the guide of his feet and the light

of his life. She alone survived from the bright illusions of his dreaming youth. When all things else were powerless to console, this ideal of his youth and this memory of his maturity arose before him to cheer and strengthen for the work of his life. He endows her with beauty, purity, strength, and all the attributes of an ideal and perfect womanhood, magnified and emphasized by her abode in the heavenly life. He places her in the Rose of the Blessed, and with the most exalted ones of the heavenly state, having power over angels and archangels, ruling by the love which casts out fear, yet evermore a woman. Knowing all things, she realized Dante's love; at the beginning of his marvelous journey, she gives him Virgil as his guide, and thus guards him through the horrors of Hell and Purgatory, triumphant over fiends and devils by her made powerless to do him harm. At the gateway of Paradise she meets him, and together they view the immeasurable splendors of the abode of the blest. He places her far above any man in power and dignity in Paradise, thus avowing his belief in the higher purity and spirituality of woman and making all womankind his debtor. He quotes as descriptive of her from the Wisdom of Solomon: "She is the brightness of the eternal light, the unspotted mirror of the

majesty of God." Lowell, in referring to Dante's characterization of Beatrice, says: "She shifts from a woman, real, loved, and lost, to a gracious exhalation of all that is fairest in womanhood or most divine in the soul of man."

Well and nobly has Dante redeemed his vow, recorded in the closing pages of the *Vita Nuova*, that he would say of Beatrice what had never yet been said of any woman.

Part III

To the past we must look for guidance and for hope as to the present and the future, Dante, young, honest, pure, and at home, was the writer of love sonnets, graceful, conventional, trite, and of but modest merit. Dante, the boodler and exile, was the author of the one poem of supreme merit between Homer and Shakespeare – the one great master for two thousand years. Can we derive from this fact aught of consolation and of hope for American letters? Can we see from what surroundings, from what experiences, from what fiery trials shall be born our man who shall rank unchallenged among the immortals? Who shall sing of our age with the simplicity and power of Homer, with the sweetness and fierce sublimity of Dante, with the broad humanity of Shakespeare?

Of one factor we are assured: our boodlers are unsurpassed. Some, too, have been temporarily exiled, but thus far without results in the world of literary art. Tweed, in comparison with whose boodling Dante was as a little child, was tempor-

arily an exile, but the comity of nations returned him to his native land, and he died with his songs unsung, with the epic of the century unwritten. Chicago, the city of our love and pride has banished some few of her boodlers to Joliet, but thus far no poetic melodies have been wafted back to us from the city of limestone and the Drainage Canal.

Our assortment of unbanished boodlers is large and varied, but who of them has given to us the preliminary dainty volumes of love and pathetic longing, as the *Vita Nuova* in the case of Dante, which might be as stepping-stones to higher things? Who has seen a volume, "Bucolics of Chickens and Turkeys," by Powers? or "Lyrics of Tunnels and Levee," by Hopkins? or "Ballads of Railroad Upholding," by Madden? or "Madrigals of the Franchise," by Cullerton? or "Dewdrops and Bubbles from the Bath House," by Coughlin? or "Poems of Passion," by Yerkes?

But we live not as those without hope. We are young. Art is long.

Appendix

The opening sentences of the decree of January 27, 1302, are as follows:

In nomine Domini, amen.

Hec sunt condempnationes sive condempnationum sententie, facte late et promulgate per nobilem et potentem militem doinum Cantem de Gabriellibus de Eugubio, honorabilem Potestatem civitatis Florentie, super infrascriptis excessibus et delictis contra infrascriptos homines et personas. Sub examine sapientis et discreti viri domini Pauli de Eugubio, Iudicis ipsius domini Potestatis ad offitium super baratteriis, iniquis extorsionibus et lucris illicitis deputati. Et de voluntate et consilio aliorum Iudicum eiusdem domini Potestatis. Et scripte per me Bonoram de Pregio, prefati domini Potestatis notarium et offitialem et Communis Florentie, ad idem offitium deputatum. Currentibus annis Domini millesimo ccc ij, indictione xv, tempore sanctissimi patris domini Bonifatii pape octavi.

After a voluminous recital the decree concludes as follows:

Qui Dominus Palmerius, DANTE, Orlanduccius et Lippus.

Citati et requisiti fuerunt legiptime, per nuntium Communis Florentie, ut certo termino, iam elapso, coram

nobis et nostra curia comparere deberent ac venire, ipsi et quilibet ipsorum, ad parendum mandatis nostris, et ad se defendendum et excusandum ab inquisitione premissa: et non venerunt, sed potius fuerunt passi se in bapno poni Communis Florentie de libris quinque milibus florenorum parvorum pro quolibet, per Duccium Francisci publicum bampnitorem Communis eiusdem; in quod incurrerunt se contumaciter absentando, prout de predictis omnibus in actis nostre Curie plenius continetur.

Idcirco ipsos dominum Palmerium, DANTE, Orlanduccium et Lippum, et ipsorum quemlibet, ut sate messis iuxta qualitatem seminis fructum percipiant, et iuxta merita commissa per ipsos dignis meritorum retributionibus munerentur, propter ipsorum contumaciam habitos pro confessis, secundum forman iuris, Statutorum Communis et Populi civitatis Florentie, Ordinamentorum Iustitie, Reformationum, et ex vigore nostri arbitrii, in libris quinque milibus florenorum parvorum pro quolibet, dandis et solvendis Camerariis Communis Florentie recipientibus pro ipso Communi; et quod restituant extort inlicite probantibus illud legiptime; et quod si non solverint condempnationem infra tertiam diem, a die sententie computandam, omnia bona talis non solventis publicentur vastentur et destruantur, et vastata et destructa remaneant in Communi; et si solverint condempnationem predictam, ipsi vel ipsorum aliquis talis solvens nicchilominus stare debeat extra provinciam Tuscie ad confines duobus annis; et ut predictorum domini Palmerii, Dante, Lippi et Orlanduccii perpetua

fiat memoria, nomina eorum scribantur in Statutis Populi, et tamquam falsarii et barattarii nullo tempore possint habere aliquod offitium, vel benefitium pro Communi, vel a Communi, Florentie, in civitate comitatu vel districtu vel alibi, sive condempnationem solverint sive non; in hiis scriptis sententialiter condempnamus. Computato bampno in condempnatione presenti. . .

Decree of January 27, 1302. From the Libro del Chiodo. See Del Lungo, Dell'esilio di Dante, pp. 97-103.[5]

The second decree being much shorter than the first, is here given in full:

In nomine Domini, amen.

Hec est quedam condempnatio, sive condempnationis sententia, facta lata et promulgata per nobilem et potentem militem dominum cantem de Gabriellibus de Eugubio, honorabilem Potestatem Civitatis Florentie, contra infrascriptos homines et personas. Sub examine sapientis et discreti viri domini Pauli de Eugubio, Iudicis ad offitium inquirendi et procedendi contra committentes barattarias et lucra illicita deputati. Et scripta per me Bonoram de Pregio, eiusdem domini Potestatis et Communis Florentie notarium, ad idem offitium deputatum. In anno Domini millesimo trecentesimo secundo a nativitate, tempore domini Bonifatii pape viij, indictione xv.

Nos Cante Potestas predictus infrascriptam con-

[5] Dante Society: Tenth annual report. May 19, 1891. Cambridge, University Press, 1891. P. 48.

dempnationis sententiam damus et proferimus in hunc modum.

> Dominum Palmerium de Altovitis. Lippum Becche. DANTEM ALLIGHIERII. Orlanduccium Orlandi

Contra quos processum est per inquisitionem ex nostro offitio et curie nostre factam super eo et ex eo, quod ad aures nostras et ipsius curie nostre prevenit, fama publica precedente, quod cum ipsi et eorum quilibet, nomine et occasione barattarium, iniquarum extorsionum et illicitorum lucrorum fuerint condempnati, et in ipsis condempnationibus docetur apertius, condempnationes easdem ipsi, vel eorum aliquis, termino assignato non solverint. Qui omnes et singuli per numptium Communis Florentie citati et requisiti fuerunt legiptime, ut certo termino, iam elapso, mandatis nostris parituri venire deberent, et se a premissa inquisitione protinus excusarent. Qui non venientes per Clarum Clarissimi publicum bampnitorem poni se in bampno Communis Florentie substulerunt: in quod incurrentes eosdem assentatio contumacia innodavit, ut hec omnia nostre curie latius acta tenent. Ipsos et ipsorum quemlibet, ideo habitos ex ipsorum contumacia pro confessis, secundum iura, Statuta et ordinamenta Communis et Populi civitatis Florentie, Ordinamenta Iustitie, et ex vigore nostri arbitrii, et omni modo et iure quibus melius possumus, ut si quis predictorum ullo tempore in fortiam dicti Communis pervenerit, talis per veniens igne comburatur sic quod moriatur, in hiis scriptis sententialiter condempnamus.

Lata pronumptiata et promulgata fuit dicta condempnationis sententia per dominum Cantem Potestatem predictum pro tribunali sedentem in Consilio generali Communis Florentie, et lecta per me Bonoram notarium supradictum, sub anno tempore et indictione predictis, die decimo mensis martii, presentibus testibus ser Massaio de Eugubio et ser Berardo de Camerino notario dicti domini Protestatis, et pluribus aliis in eodem Consilio existentibus.

Decree of March 10, 1302. From the Libro del Chiodo. See Del Lungo, Dell'esilio di Dante, pp. 104-106.[6]

[6] Dante Society: Tenth annual report, May 19, 1891. Cambridge, University Press, 1891. P. 52.

III. SOME METHODS OF BROWNING

as Illustrated by the Poem of Ivan Ivanovitch

SOME METHODS OF BROWNING AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE POEM OF IVAN IVANOVITCH [7]

NO PERSON at all familiar with the poetry of our time can question the right of Robert Browning to be enrolled upon the list of the Great Masters. Some of his shorter poems, thickly inwrought with exquisite fancies, are as full of rhythmical melody, and poetic beauty as any of our language. Had he published nothing more than the gems, "Rabbi Ben Ezra," "Saul," and "Prospice," his fame would have been unquestioned and secure.

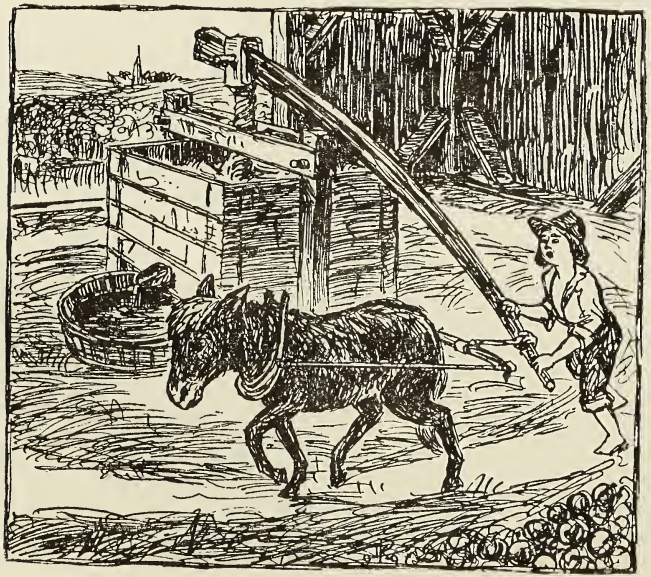
I have, however, been prejudiced somewhat against Browning from the very fact that he has written poems of such rare and transparent beauty, and that having done this, he has yet written vastly more, the meaning of which no one can discover. Were all his writings of this latter class, we would be obliged to accept them as the method in which his mind worked, and the question would then be, as suggested by the elder Wel-

[7] Privately printed for the author, Chicago [1899].

ler to his son Samuel regarding marriage, whether it were worth while to go through so much to learn so little, as we must in the study of his more incomprehensible works. But the fact that he has written in such a lucid and beautiful style, it has seemed to me, renders him without excuse for writing in any other. Many of the inhabitants of England and America, have something else to do than to study Browning, but taking into account his dense and incomprehensible style and methods, for one who proposes to understand him life is too short to accomplish anything else.

In the study of many of his alleged poems, his disciples must plunge into a vast bank of fog, where they wander about like ghosts, seeking for light and finding none, hearing the voices of each other, the sighing of the winds, the barking of dogs, the murmur of falling waters, and the occasional resonant tones of a great organ echoing vaguely through the darkness, and each disciple attaching to the faint and confused sounds and echoes, and the rare gleams, not of light, but of a lesser darkness, a meaning of his own.

From some of my most valued friends, however, who are enthusiastic seekers after the occult beauties of Browning, invisible to the hoi polloi, but revealed at times to the inner circle of the elect,



An Old-fashioned Cider Mill

I learn that my impressions are altogether wrong, and that the reason why some of the poems of Browning are more obscure than others is owing to his wonderful faculty and power of concentration.

A great mathematician, like La Place or Newton, is not usually a good teacher, because, in the rapid working of his mind, he skips over various intermediate steps or processes, which, to the common mind, are necessary in order to reach and grasp his conclusion. In the same way, Browning condenses into a line or two, what it might take the ordinary poet a page to express. In this process of concentration a certain amount of clearness and simplicity is lost, and the intermediate steps by which his conclusions are reached must be wrought out by patient study.

Many of us have probably seen, in the country, in the days of our youth, an old-fashioned cider mill. The apples were ground into a reservoir, above which was a large screw. This screw, being turned by a long lever, slowly forced down a cover upon the contents of the reservoir. In this way the cider would gradually be squeezed out of the pulpy mass; at first coming out quite freely, afterward more and more slowly as the bottom of the reservoir was approached, until, finally, its

flow would stop altogether and nothing be left in the reservoir, except the skins, hulls, and seeds of the apples, substantially devoid of any moisture. I have used this somewhat rude, but familiar, simile to illustrate the mental processes of Browning in the production of certain of his poems. By the testimony of his admirers, the mind of this Master of sublimest song is originally full of the most beautiful imagery, of melody, rhythm, and all things essential to the evolution of poetry of the highest class; poems which would rank with those in which

> Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
> Utters his native wood notes wild.

This material is luminous from the flames of a chastened fancy and dominated by a sovereign imagination. While in this condition, he writes poems like "The Lost Leader," "Childe Roland," "One Word More," and "Evelyn Hope." But, appreciating that such poetry is too diffuse to be thoroughly artistic, he seizes the lever and gives the concentrating screw a turn or two. This squeezes out of the mass fancy and imagination, which are the most evanescent and most easily parted with. In this condition he produces poems like "Ivan Ivanovitch," devoid of fancy, but readily comprehended, and possessing a certain amount of poetic

imagery and power. Not satisfied with the amount of concentration thus arrived at, another turn is given to the lever, and the poetic element is entirely squeezed out. In this condition he gives us "The Ring and the Book," certain portions of "The Red Cotton Night Cap Country," and other works, which will readily be recalled, containing much psychological research and dyspeptic power, but devoid of any of the essential elements of true poetry. Even this amount of concentration, however, is not always satisfactory, and still another turn is given to the lever, which results in driving all sense out of the crude material and leaving simply a grammatically arranged and incongruous mass of words. A piece cut from this residuum is labeled "Sordello," and published, to the endless mystification of humanity. This is emphatically the piece which passeth all understanding.

By the aid of the simile I have used, the writings of Browning may be divided into four classes: first those poems of true feeling, fanciful, melodious, and all animate with poetic harmony and beauty; second, those from which the beauty, fancy, and imagination have been eliminated; third, those from which the poetry has disappeared; and fourth, those from which all beauty,

fancy, melody, poetry, and sense have departed. The poem of "Ivan Ivanovitch," which I have chosen to illustrate some of the methods of Browning's work, belongs, as before stated, in the second class.

Inasmuch as my readers may not have recently seen the poem of "Ivan Ivanovitch," I will give a brief synopsis of the story. Ivan is a carpenter, a man of sturdy independence and good character, who has among his friends one Dmitri, also a carpenter, who has a family consisting of a wife and three children. Dmitri has been from home with his wife and children for some weeks in a village about a day's journey from the hamlet where both reside, the road between the two places being mostly through an unbroken wilderness. He is about starting for home with his family, when something occurs to prevent his returning with them; so his wife and the three children set out alone in a sledge drawn by one horse, and when passing through the forest are followed by a pack of wolves. The horse, and in the sledge the wife only, in an utterly exhausted condition, reach the village, and are surrounded by the villagers, one of whom is Ivan Ivanovitch, to whom the wife proceeds to tell her story, which is in substance, that a pack of wolves, frantic with

hunger and thirsty for blood, pursued them through the forest; they gained upon the horse and finally jumped upon the sleigh, carrying off first one of the children, which stayed the pack for a time; but that they still continued the pursuit, carrying off another of the children, and finally, in the same way, the babe, the last. The wife represents that she fought the wolves desperately, but was unable to prevent them from seizing the children. Something in her manner of reporting the tragedy, however; her unfavorable comments upon the character of the children first carried off, and some expressions used in her excitement when telling the story, satisfy Ivan that she flung off her children one by one to the wolves in order to save her own life. He raises his carpenter's axe after she has finished her story, and, without making any comment upon it, deliberately severs her head from her body, wipes the blood from his axe and walks to his own home. This incident causes great excitement among the villagers, who at once assemble in mass meeting to discuss the situation. The legal authorities present consider the act of Ivan as murder, and that his life is forfeited, but the priest of the village, a man nearly one hundred years of age, and who has baptized and married all the villagers, and is in a way the pope of

the community, expresses his own views that Ivan in his act has simply been the messenger of God: that motherhood is the highest function and attribute of woman; that the wife should have unhesitatingly sacrificed her own life to save the lives of her children; that, as she has thus been false to her higher nature, she is a monster and unworthy to live, and that the act of Ivan was an act of the highest justice and worthy of all commendation. The villagers concur in this sentiment and repair to Ivan's house, expecting to find him in terror of a summary judgment, instead of which he is carving some toys for the amusement of his children, and upon hearing the verdict of the community, simply responds with the statement that it could not be otherwise.

It seems to be a peculiarity of most of the great poets and dramatists, that they are not creative in the direction of inventing their plots. They usually take a story or legend, which is in some measure familiar to their prospective readers, and make this the thread upon which to hang their thick-coming imaginings and fancies. Shakespeare and the dramatists of his time took the plots of many of their plays from the Chronicles of Holinshed and Froissart, or from collections of a similar character made by the French and

Italians, and the great dramatic work of Goethe simply embodied in poetic form the legend of Faust, already familiar to the German people. Browning is no exception to this general rule. It is often an interesting study to compare a finished poem with the story upon which it is based, and to see what changes in the story itself, its denouement and incidents, are made by the poet to cause it to conform to his ideas of poetic or dramatic art. By noting these modifications, we can often get some idea of the processes in the mental workshops of these great Masters. I shall not attempt at this time to give an elaborate analysis of the poem of "Ivan Ivanovitch" from any particular standpoint, but will content myself with giving from Holinshed's Chronicles the original story of "Ivan Ivanovitch," that we may note the variations and departures therefrom by Mr. Browning in his treatment of the theme. In Holinshed the story is told as happening in the mountainous district of Wales, which, as we know, were wild and sparsely settled regions to a later date than almost any other part of the British Islands. The story is told of one Owen ap Jones, that is, he plays the part assigned to Ivan Ivanovitch in Browning's story, and the woman who sacrifices her children to save her own life is the wife of

Llewellyn Griffiths. The surname of Jones is an unusual one, less than one-half the inhabitants of Wales bearing this name, which fact renders it probable that the Jones of the Holinshed legend was an ancestor of the Reverend Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the President of the Chicago Browning Club, and a diligent and enthusiastic student of the Master. Holinshed's narrative is as follows, the spelling being modernized:

In the winter of this same year the good King Rufus, after this sore and cruel battle, desiring to mightily augment his puissance before that the armies should again encounter together, did sojourn for certain weeks upon the shores of the bay anigh the city of Carnarvon. And upon a certain day, when he did attend to meet the heralds in the market-place, was brought before him Owen ap Jones by the sheriff and a great concourse of people, some of whom did loudly clamor for his life, while many others walked speechless in great incertitude. Whereupon the King did demand the cause of their greediness for blood, and to know of the sin wherewith Owen ap Jones was charged, to which the sheriff did reply in this wise:

"Most honored Majesty, Llewellyn Griffiths had a wife and children four, who were journeying from Cardigan, where they had kinfolk, and were riding upon two asses through the forest upon the mountain hard by. The wife and two callow children were upon one ass, which

was old and very kindly, and the two boys of larger growth were upon a young ass, indued with much speed and spirit. Suddenly from the dark forest came fierce wolves in great number, which did pursue the beasts with speed and much outcry. This day, at the hour of three, came into the town the wife alone upon the young and spirited ass, and did weep and wail without ceasing that her children had been devoured by the savage beasts; wherefore Owen ap Jones, he being of kin to her husband and his loving friend, did seek of her the story of her dire calamity. Thereupon related she that, because her first-born son was brave and unwisely bold, when the wolves did press upon them, he did unmount from the ass and attacked them with his boar spear; but in vain, for incontinently was he devoured. At which sudden chance, his brother foolishly and recklessly adventured after him, and likewise perished miserably. For a little space the wolves were thus stayed, fighting and feasting fiendishly over the brave first-born lads. Then took she the nimble ass and her two babes, and with an infinite deal of speed fled before the ravening fiends, but still they hasted sharply upon her, and the foremost wolf pitilessly snatched from her arms one, and anon the other babe, whereby her bereavement was greater than she could bear, and she wailed sorely and said, 'Owen ap Jones, my husband his friend, gladly would I die and be at rest rather than meeting loved Llewellyn weeping for our children perished miserably.' Then up spake Owen ap Jones, 'Woman, why sendest thou thy first-begotten

children to perish untimely?' To which she: 'I did it not. Moreover, they ceaselessly quarreled and tried me grievously, and dearer to me were my loving babes.' Then again said Owen, 'Woman, why gavest thou these babes to the gaunt wolves that thine own life might not be forfeit?' To which she: 'I did it not. Furthermore, here standeth the priest, who will bear witness for me. By him was I wedded to Llwellyn my spouse, and before him made I my marriage vows, that I would be a true and loyal wife, and that, leaving all others, I would cleave to Llewellyn alone until grim death should take me to his arms. How could I cleave to Llwellyn if the fierce beasts devoured my body?' Then Owen ap Jones bared his head of its wolfskin gear, and bowing down, he said, 'It is as I divined. The fear of God is upon me, and I must do his behest.' Then quickly raised he his woodman's axe, and with one mighty blow he cleaved the woman's head in twain."

Thus the sheriff, and for a brief space the King spake not, and then he said, "Sheriff, thou art wise in the wisdom which pertaineth to the law, what sayest thou?" and the sheriff answered, "Owen ap Jones his hands are red with blood. His life is forfeit to the King; let him be hanged upon an oaken tree, or, manacled, labor until death in the copper mines of Carnarvon." Then said the King, "What sayest thou, O Priest?" and the priest answered, "The man is a blasphemer and stained with sin; to the anointed priest alone it is to act as the vicegerant of God. Whoso sheds man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." Then the King took in his arms a

shepherd's little child, and said, "My little one, what sayest thou?" and the child answered, "My mother would not give me to the hungry wolves."

Then up spoke the King in a loud voice: "Oh, blind leaders of men, it is as of old, that wisdom cometh from the lips of sucklings and of babes. Know you not that to woman it is given to bear and to rear children for her husband and the realm; that not one of the she wolves of whom this woman spake betimes but would die for her whelps, and that Owen but cut down a witch and a devil, who should no longer cumber the earth? Owen ap Jones, thou art a just man and my brother. Leave thy woodman's axe, and take this spear and bull's hide shield. Henceforth thou art the captain of a hundred men and shalt have forsooth broad acres of the lands, of which anon I will despoil mine enemies."

Thus Holinshed –

We observe that, in a general way, Browning has adhered to the legend as told by Holinshed, although he has transferred the scene to Russia, where such an incident would to-day seem less improbable than elsewhere.

In comparing the story as told by Browning with the legend, we note three characteristics of the poet, which are illustrated by his method of telling the story; his republicanism, his dramatic instinct, and his habit of passing over the intermediate steps in reaching a conclusion. Holin-

shed, whose chronicles are largely the doings of kings, nobles, and warrior knights, so disposes his facts as to make King Rufus the central figure, and to make conspicuous his sagacity, wisdom and justice; but Browning's sturdy democracy is illustrated by his suppression of the monarch altogether, and by his bringing to the front the heroism and instinctive justice of the common people. Our admiration goes out to the lowly carpenter and the humble priest. Again, Browning is a born dramatist. The most dramatic portion of the story is perhaps the long-drawn agony of the flight from the wolves; the alternation of hopes and fears, as one after another of the children perish, thus delaying the pack and awakening anew, again and again, the vain hope of escaping with the rest. In Holinshed, this portion of the story is told in a few graphic words, but Browning expands and makes much of it in his rendition of the legend. On the other hand, he largely suppresses the trial scene, wherein is sought to be established the guilt or innocence of the man and woman, the dramatis personae of the story. Holinshed gives in full the arguments of the sheriff, the priest, and the shepherd's child, together with the reasoning of the king, when pronouncing the verdict of the man's justification and the woman's

guilt. Browning, however, noting the woman's disparaging criticism of her dead children, and coupling this with the fact that she is alive and her children are dead, passes over all intermediate reasoning; he calls for no proof of her guilt, finally and conclusively established as it is to him, from the evidence of her savage, weak, and unwomanly nature.

STUDIES IN EARLY AMERICAN HISTORY

I. A Notable Lawsuit
II. The Legends of Jekyl Island

Magna est veritas, et prevalebit.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers,
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies amid her worshippers.

I. A NOTABLE LAWSUIT

A NOTABLE LAWSUIT [8]

THE SUIT commenced some three years since by Mr. Frederic Law Olmsted against the various members of the Astor family, in the New York Superior Court, attracted considerable attention at the time, both from the prominence of the parties to the litigation and the large amount claimed by Mr. Olmsted, something over $5,000,000. As the case has not yet come to a hearing, owing to the delays in the proceedings at law, the matter has, in a measure, passed from notice, scarcely anything connected with it having appeared in the public prints since the commencement of the action.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Olmsted, I spent several days, during the summer of 1895, as a guest at his summer residence on Deer Isle, which lies in Penobscot Bay, off the mouth of the Penobscot River, on the coast of Maine; and having heard quite in detail the history of the cause of action, which seemed to me a most forcible illustration of the maxim that truth is stranger than

[8] Privately printed for the author, Chicago [1899].

fiction, I take pleasure in giving the story as told me by Mr. Olmsted and the members of his family.

An ancestor, seven generations back, of Mr. Olmsted, whose name was Cotton Mather Olmsted, was an Indian trader, and spent a part of each year, from 1696 to 1705, in what is now the state of Maine. His treatment of the Indians was always fair and honorable, whereby he won their confidence and esteem. Winnepesaukee, then the head sachem of the Penobscot tribe, was at one time severely wounded by a bear, and Mr. Olmsted having cared for him, dressed his wounds, and aided greatly in his recovery, the chief, as a token of gratitude, presented to him the Deer Isle before named, a portion of which has ever since remained in the possession of his descendants, and is now the property and summer home of Mr. Frederic Law Olmsted.

The original deed of gift, written on a piece of birch-bark, and bearing date January 24, 1699, is still in the possession of Mr. Olmsted, and after the independence of the United States was acknowledged, the validity of the transfer was recognized and affirmed, and a formal patent issued by the Secretary of the Treasury during the second term of President Washington's administration.

Upon the rocky shore near the residence of Mr. Olmsted, and at the extreme south end of the island, is a cave, the opening of which is upon the sea. The cave is about ten feet wide and high, of irregular shape, and extends back into the rock formation some twenty-five feet. It has evidently been excavated by the ceaseless action of the waves upon a portion of the rock somewhat softer than its surroundings. At high tide, the entire cave is under water, but at low tide it can be entered dry-shod, being entirely above the sea-level. The bottom of the cave is covered with coarse sand, five or six inches deep, below which is a compact bed of hard blue clay. At low tide the cave is often visited by the family of Mr. Olmsted and other residents of the island. In 1892, Mr. Olmsted observed upon the rock at the inner end of the cave some marks or indentations, something in the form of a rude cross, which seemed to him possibly of artificial origin. If so, it was of ancient date, as its edges were not well defined – were rounded and worn, as by the action of the waves and ice. Still, it appeared more regular in form than the other markings upon the walls of the cave, and Mr. Olmsted one day suggested to his family, when in the cave, that as stories of Captain Kidd's buried treasures had sometimes

located such treasures upon the Maine coast, they should dig at the place below the cross for such hidden wealth. Purely as a matter of sport, the excavation was commenced: the sand was cleared away, and, to their surprise, a rectangular hole in the clay was discovered, about fifteen by thirty inches on the surface and about fifteen inches deep. This was filled with sand, and upon the sand being carefully removed, there was plainly to be seen upon the bottom of the hole the marks of a row of bolt-heads some three or four inches apart, and extending around the bottom about one inch from its edge. The appearance was precisely as if an iron box heavily bolted at its joints had been buried in the compact clay for a period long enough to have left a perfect impress of itself in the clay, and after its removal, the excavation having been filled with sand, the impression had been perfectly preserved. After a perfect facsimile of the bottom of the hole had been taken in plaster of Paris, the excavation was again filled with sand. The clay was so hard that the taking of the cast did not in the least mar its surface. The bottom of the hole and such portions of the sides as had not been marred by the removal of the box were heavily coated with iron-rust, so that everything indicated the former presence of an iron box which

JOHN JACOB ASTOR

From a portrait by an unknown artist, painted at Astoria, Oregon, in 1813. Now in the Trustee's room of the Astor Library, New York

had remained buried in the clay long enough at least to become thoroughly rusted on its surface and firmly imbedded in the clay matrix. As there were various legends relative to the presence of Captain Kidd upon the Maine coast, the discovery of the excavation was sufficient to awaken eager interest in the question of the iron box and the person who had carried it away.

About the year 1801 a French-Canadian, named Jacques Cartier, who was one of the employees of John Jacob Astor in his fur trade, and who had for several winters traded with the Indians and hunters along the upper waters of the Penobscot River, returned from New York, where he had been to deliver the season's collection of furs, and expressed a desire to purchase from Oliver Cromwell Olmsted, who was then the owner, by inheritance, of Deer Isle, either the whole island or the south end, where the cave before described was located. Mr. Olmsted refused both requests, but finally sold him a few acres near the center of the island, where he built a log house and lived for many years with an Indian wife, hunting and fishing occasionally as a diversion, but giving up entirely his former method of gaining a livelihood. This trader had for several years previous to 1801 camped upon the south end of Deer Isle when

collecting his furs, passing up the Penobscot River and its tributaries in a small canoe, and storing his furs in a hut at his camping-place until the end of his season, when he sailed with his little cargo for New York. He had always seemed extremely poor, having but a meager salary from Mr. Astor, but when he purchased a portion of the island he seemed to have an abundance of money, sufficient in fact to meet his wants for many years. Occasionally, when under the influence of whisky, he would speak vaguely of some sudden good fortune which had befallen him, but when sober he always denied even having made the statement, and seemed much disturbed when asked about the source of his wealth, which led to various suspicions among the few inhabitants of the island as to the honesty of his methods in acquiring it. These suspicions ultimately became so pointed that he suddenly disappeared from the island and never returned. On searching his cabin some fragments of papers were found, torn and partially burned, so that no connected meaning could be determined from them. On one fragment was the signature of John Jacob Astor, and on another, in the same handwriting, the words: "absolute secrecy must be observed because." These fragments were preserved, however, and are now in the possession of Mr. Frederic Law Olmsted.

From the story of the trader and from the fragmentary papers, Mr. Olmsted fancied that there might be some connection between the mysterious box and the newly acquired wealth of the trader, and that the secret, if one there was, was shared by Mr. Astor. As the trader for many years previous to his sudden good fortune had camped upon the end of the island immediately adjoining the cave, it might readily be conceived that a heavy storm had washed the sand away so as to make the top of the box visible, and that he had found it and taken it with him to New York to Mr. Astor, with his boatload of furs. His desire to purchase this particular location in the island harmonized with this suggestion.

Various questions presented themselves regarding this theory. Had the box contained the long-lost treasures of Captain Kidd? If so, to whom did the box and its contents belong? Mr. William M. Evarts, to whom Mr. Olmsted applied for an opinion as to the legal phase of this question, after careful examination of the evidence, gave his views, in substance, as follows:

1. That Captain Kidd, in the year 1700, had acquired, by pillage, vast treasures of gold and gems, which he somewhere concealed prior to his execution in 1701.

2. That if such treasure was concealed upon

Deer Isle, that island was the absolute property, at that time, of Cotton Mather Olmsted; for while the record title to the island bore date in President Washington's administration in 1794, yet this, as appeared by its tenor, was in affirmation of the title made in 1699, when the island was given to Cotton Mather Olmsted by the Indian chief, Winnepesaukee, and established the ownership of the island in Mr. Olmsted when the box, if concealed by Captain Kidd, was buried, and that Frederic Law Olmsted, by inheritance and purchase, had acquired all the rights originally held by his ancestor in that part of the island where the treasure was concealed.

3. That, as owner of such real estate, the treasure would belong to him, as affixed to the land, as against the whole world, except possibly the lineal descendants of Captain Kidd, if any there were.

Mr. Olmsted learned that, in his early life, Mr. Astor kept for many years his first and only bank account with the Manhattan Bank, and as the books of the bank are all preserved, he was enabled, by a plausible pretext, to secure an examination of Mr. Astor's financial transactions from the beginning. His idea, in this search, was to learn if Mr. Astor's fortune had increased at the

same time as that of the French-Canadian. The business of both Mr. Astor and the bank was small in those early days, and the entries of the customers' accounts were much more in detail than in our time, when, as a rule, only amounts are recorded. The account commenced in 1798, being one of the first accounts opened after the picturesque organization of the bank by Aaron Burr, and for several years the total deposits for an entire year did not exceed $4,000. He shipped some of his furs abroad and others were sold to dealers and manufacturers, and whenever he drew on a customer with the bill of lading, the books of the bank show virtually the whole transactions. Entries like the following are of frequent occurrence:

Cr. J. J. Astor, $33, proceeds draft for sale of 40 muskrat, 4 bear, 3 deer and 12 mink skins.

Credit John J. Astor $49.50, proceeds of draft for sale of 400 skunk-skins.

Cr. John Jacob Astor $131, proceeds of draft on London for £26. 10s for sale 87 otter skins, 46 mink and 30 beaver pelts.

Each year showed a modest increase in the volume of business of the thrifty furrier, but the aggregates were only moderate until the year 1801, being the same year the Canadian trader bought

of Mr. Olmsted a portion of Deer Isle, when the volume of bank transactions reached, for the time, enormous dimensions, springing from an aggregate for the year 1799 of $4,011. to over $500,000. for the year 1801. Among the entries in the latter year are two of the same date for cheques to Jacques Cartier, the French-Canadian: one of $133.40, drawn "In settlement fur account," and one for $5,000, "In settlement to date." Inasmuch as in each previous year the aggregate fur transactions with Mr. Cartier had never exceeded $500., the entry of $5,000. seemed inexplicable on any ordinary grounds.

The enormous growth of Mr. Astor's own transactions also seemed equally mysterious. Mr. Astor had evidently visited England in the year 1801, as the bank entries are filled with credits to him of drafts remitted by him from Roderick Streeter, varying from £10,000. to £40,000., and aggregating during the year, nearly $495,000. Credits of the same Streeter drafts are made also during the two following years to the amount of over $800,000. more, or a total of over $1,300,000., when the Streeter remittances abruptly cease. Edwin W. Streeter of London is at the present time one of the largest dealers in precious stones in the world, and as in England the same business is often con-

tinued in a family for many generations, it occurred to Mr. Frederic Law Olmsted, who, from the facts already given, had become greatly interested in following the matter to a conclusion, that the Streeter who had made the vast remittances to Mr. Astor might be an ancestor of the present London merchant. An inquiry by mail developed the fact that the present Mr. Streeter was a great-grandson of Roderick Streeter, and that the business had been continued in the family for five generations. Mr. Olmsted thereupon sent a confidential agent to London, who succeeded in getting access to the books of the Streeter firm for the years 1798 to 1802, inclusive. Here was found a detailed statement of the transactions with Mr. Astor. The first item was for £40,000., entered as "Advances on ancient French and Spanish gold coins" deposited by Mr. Astor, and later another of £4,213. 8s for "Balance due for French and Spanish gold coins." All other entries were for the sale of precious stones, mostly diamonds, rubies, and pearls, which, in all, with the sums paid for the French and Spanish gold, reached the enormous aggregate heretofore given. Certain of the gems were purchased outright by Mr. Streeter, and the others were sold by him, as a broker, for account of Mr. Astor, and the proceeds

duly remitted during the years 1801-1802. The whole account corresponded exactly, item for item, with the various entries of Streeter remittances shown on the books of the Manhattan Bank.

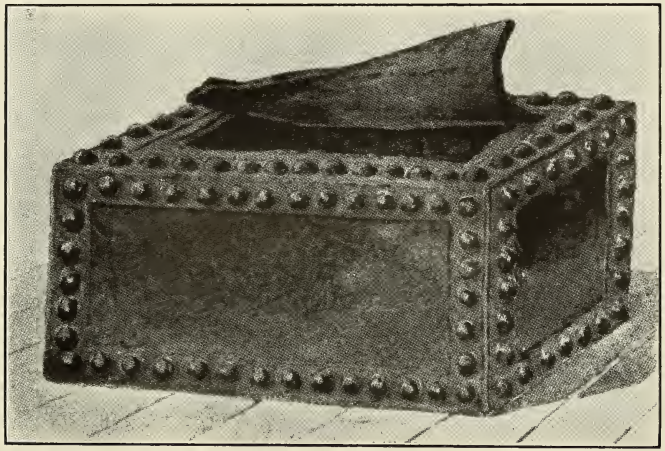
The facts gathered thus far enabled Mr. Olmsted to formulate a theory in substance as follows: That Jacques Cartier had found the box containing the buried treasures of Captain Kidd; that he had taken it to New York and delivered it to Mr. Astor; that Mr. Astor had bought the contents of the box, or his interest in them, for the cheque of $5,000.; that he had taken the contents to England, and had, from their sale, realized the vast sums paid him by Mr. Streeter. Many links in the chain of evidence, however, were still missing, and a great point would be gained if the mysterious box could be traced to the custody of Mr. Astor. It seemed reasonable that this box, if ever in the possession of Mr. Astor, and if its contents were of such great value, would be retained by him with scrupulous care, and that, if he had imparted the secret to his children, it would still be in their possession. If not, it might have been sold and lost sight of, as a piece of worthless scrap-iron, after the death of the first Mr. Astor. Mr. Olmsted learned that the last house in which the original John Jacob Astor had lived had been

torn down in the year 1893, to be replaced by a superb modern building, and that the old building had been sold to a well-known house-wrecking firm for an insignificant sum, as the material was worth but little above the cost of tearing down and removal. In the hope that the rusty box had been sold with other rubbish about the premises, Mr. Olmsted inserted the following advertisement in the New York *Tribune*:

A rusty iron box, strongly made and bolted, was by mistake sold in 1893 to a dealer in junk, supposedly in New York or Brooklyn. The dimensions were 15 by 30 by 15 inches. A person, for sentimental reasons, wishes to reclaim this box, and will pay to its present owner for the same several times its value as scrap-iron. Address F. L., Box 74, New York *Tribune*.

Within a few days Mr. Olmsted received a letter from Mr. Bronson B. Tuttle of Naugatuck, Connecticut, an iron manufacturer, stating that, in a car of scrap-iron bought by him from Melchisedec Jacobs of Brooklyn, was an iron box answering the description given in the *Tribune*; that if it was of any value to the advertiser, it would be forwarded on receipt of eighty cents, which was its cost to him at $11. per ton, the price paid for the car-load of scrap. Mr. Olmsted at once procured the box and shipped it to Deer Isle, where the

bolts upon its bottom, and the box itself, were found to perfectly fit the print in the clay bottom of the cave. The plaster cast of the bottom of the cavity, taken when it was first discovered, matched the bottom of the box as perfectly as ever a casting fitted the mold in which it was made. Every peculiarity in the shape of a bolt-head, every hammermark made in riveting the bolts, as shown in the clay, was reproduced in the iron box. There was no possible question that the box was the identical one which had been long before buried in the cave. On the top of the box, too, was distinguishable, despite the heavy coating of rust, in rude and irregularly formed characters, as if made by strokes of a cold-chisel or some similar tool, the letters W. K., the initials of the veritable and eminent pirate, Captain William Kidd. Further inquiry developed the fact that Melchisedec Jacobs, the Brooklyn junk dealer, had purchased the box in a large dray-load of scrap-iron, mostly made up of a cooking-range, sash-weights, gas, steam, and water pipes, etc., from the wrecking firm of Jones and Company, and that Jones and Company had taken such material from the family mansion occupied by the original John Jacob Astor at the time of his death, when tearing it down to make room for the new buildings. The indica-



The Mysterious Box

From a photograph by Marquis T. King of Portland, Maine

tions thickened that the mysterious box contained the long-lost and widely sought treasures of Captain Kidd. One peculiarity of the box was, that there had apparently been no way of opening it except by cutting it apart. The top had been firmly riveted in its place, and this fact possibly indicated the reason of its purchase by Mr. Astor at the moderate price of $5,000., as the trader who found it had been unable to open it before his arrival in New York. As, however, we have no information of the contract between Mr. Astor and Jacques Cartier, the amount named, $5,000., may have been precisely the percentage agreed upon, which he received upon the profits of his season's business in addition to a salary.

Mr. Olmsted had an accurate copy made of all entries in the books of the Manhattan Bank as to the transactions of Mr. Astor shown by such books, from 1798 to 1803, and his English agent had similar copies made of all entries in the books of Roderick Streeter for the same period, also copies of many letters passing between the parties. The agent also looked up and reported everything available relative to the career of Captain Kidd, the substance of which was as follows:

Captain Kidd had won an enviable reputation in the English and American merchant marine, as

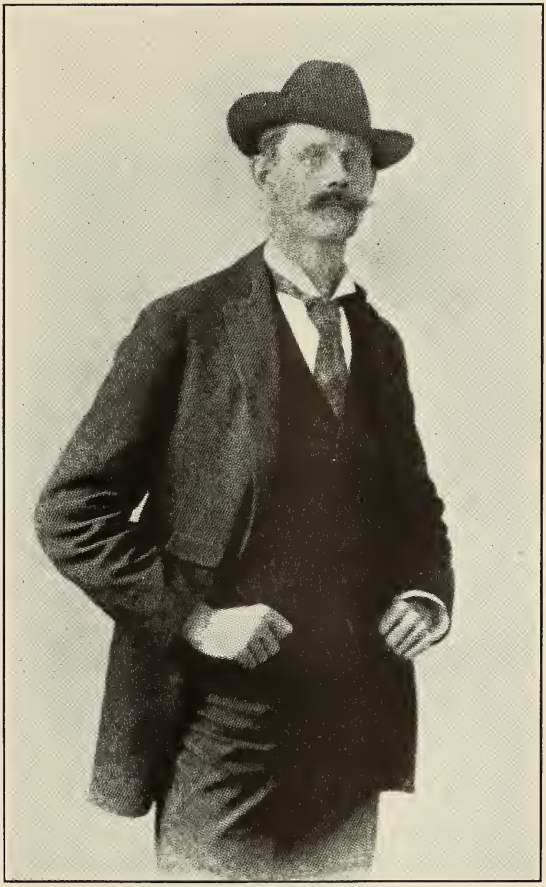
a brave and intelligent officer. For many years the English merchant vessels had been preyed upon by pirates, numerous vessels were captured and destroyed, and others robbed of all their treasure. These depredations were largely along the coast of Madagascar and Mozambique, on the route of the English vessels in the India trade, and off the coasts of South America, where the Spanish galleons bore great treasure from the Peruvian goldfields. The depredations of the pirates became so great that the English merchants finally bought and equipped a stanch war-vessel, placed the same under the command of Captain Kidd, and sent him out expressly to chastise and destroy the pirates. As these pirates were known to have secured vast amounts of gold and gems, it was expected that Captain Kidd might not only clear the infested seas of the piratical craft, but capture from them enough treasure to make the operation a profitable one. After reaching the coast of East Africa, news was received of the destruction by him of sundry piratical vessels containing much treasure, but the capture of this treasure seemed to excite his own cupidity, and he decided to himself engage in the occupation of being a malefactor. For some two years thereafter he was literally the scourge of the seas. He plundered alike other

pirates, and the merchant vessels of every nation. Finally, after a cruise along the eastern coast of the United States, as far north as the port of Halifax, he, for some reason, decided to boldly make an entry at the port of Boston as an English merchant vessel, under the papers originally furnished him in England. Before entering Boston harbor, he put ashore and concealed on Gardiner's Island a considerable quantity of merchandise, consisting largely of bales of valuable silks and velvets, with a small amount of gold and silver and precious stones. These articles were afterwards discovered and reclaimed by the owners of the vessel, and sold for some £14,000., which was divided among them. From the great number of vessels which he had destroyed and plundered, with their ascertained cargoes, it was known that the treasure thus discovered was but an insignificant fraction of what he had captured, – was known that gold and gems of vast value were somewhere concealed, – and thence came the endless searches from Key West and Jekyl Island to Halifax for the treasure, which had thus far seemingly escaped human vision and utterly disappeared. In fact, from the little care taken by Captain Kidd as to the plunder hidden on Gardiner's Island, the owners of his ship concluded that

to be merely a blind to divert their attention from the vastly greater wealth he had appropriated. A short time after his arrival in Boston he was arrested and sent to England, and at once put on trial for piracy. In two days he was tried, convicted, and hanged. This illustrates the great progress in civilization since that benighted age, for now the most red-handed and popular murderers are allowed months for preparation and trial, are feted, garlanded, and made the heroes of the day, and assigned, with all priestly assurance, to the mansions of the blest.

His wife was not allowed to see him, except for a half-hour after the death sentence had been pronounced.

They had a whispered conference, and at its close he was seen to hand her a card, upon which he had written the figures 44106818. This card was taken from her by the guards and never restored, and every effort was made to induce her to tell the meaning of the figures, but she utterly refused, and even claimed not herself to know. The paper was preserved among the proceedings of the trial, and a photographed copy secured by Mr. Olmsted. From the records of the trial, it appeared that Captain Kidd was the only child of his parents; that he had been married for several



Mr. Irvink Ocean, the Executioner of Captain Kidd

By courtesy of Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company from their publication, "Quaint and Eccentric Characters of Newgate Prison, compiled from the Newgate Calendar"

years; that two children had been born to him, a daughter, who died while yet a child and before the trial, and a son, who survived both his father and his mother. It also appeared that this son, ten years after his father's execution, enlisted as a private soldier in the English army, and was killed in the battle near Sterling in 1715. The records of the English War Office showed that the widow of this son applied for a pension under the then existing law, that her affidavit and marriage certificate showed her to have been married to the son of Captain Kidd, and that no child had been born to them, and the usual pension was awarded her and paid until her death in 1744. These facts settled the question as to any claim upon the treasure by descendants of Captain Kidd. The records of the trial also contained a report by experts upon the card given by Kidd to his wife, to the effect that they had applied to the figures upon it the usual tests for the reading of cipher-writings, without avail, and that if the figures ever had a meaning, it was undiscoverable. The same conclusion was reached by several people to whom Mr. Olmsted showed the copy of the card.

In the summer of 1894, when Prof. David P. Todd, the astronomer of Amherst College, was visiting the family of Mr. Olmsted at Deer Isle, he

one day amused himself by calculating the latitude and longitude of the home, near the cave, and gave the results to Miss Marion Olmsted. As she was entering such results in her journal, she was struck by the fact that the figures for the latitude, forty-four degrees ten minutes were the same as the first four figures on the card, 4410, and that the other four figures, 6818, were almost the exact longitude west from Greenwich, which was sixty-eight degrees thirteen minutes, a difference easily accounted for by a moderate variation in Captain Kidd's chronometer. The latitude, taken by observation of pole-star, was absolutely accurate. It appeared as though Captain Kidd had told his wife in this manner where to find the hidden treasure, but that, inasmuch as the government authorities had seized the card, she preferred silence toward those who had pursued her husband to his death, and the total loss to every one of the treasure, rather than, by a confession, to give it into the hands of his enemies. The very simplicity of the supposed cipher-writing had been its safeguard, since all the experts had sought for some abstruse and occult meaning in the combination of figures.

By the happy thought of Miss Olmsted, another link was thus added to the chain of evidence. With

the facts given, the only point seemingly needed to show that the Kidd treasure had come into the possession of Mr. Astor was to show that some of the money or gems sold by him had been actually seized by Captain Kidd. Even this, by a happy chance, became possible, through the correspondence secured from Mr. Streeter of London. It appeared that, in the year 1700, Lord and Lady Dunmore were returning to England from India, when the vessel upon which they had taken passage was fired upon and captured by Captain Kidd. His first order was that every person on board should walk the plank into the sea, but several ladies who were passengers pleaded so earnestly for their lives, that Kidd finally decided to plunder the cargo and passengers, and let the vessel proceed on her voyage. The ladies were compelled, on peril of their lives, to surrender all their jewelry, and among the articles taken from Lady Dunmore was a pair of superb pearl bracelets, the pearls being set in a somewhat peculiar fashion. Another pair, an exact duplicate of those possessed by Lady Dunmore, had been purchased by Lord Dunmore as a wedding gift to his sister, and the story of the two pairs of bracelets, and the loss of Lady Dunmore's pearls, which were of great value, and of her pleading for her life to

Captain Kidd, is a matter of history, as well as one of the cherished family traditions. In 1801, Roderick Streeter writes to Mr. Astor that the then Lady Dunmore, in looking over some gems which he was offering her, had seen a pair of exquisite pearl bracelets which were a part of the Astor consignment, and had at once recognized them as the identical pair taken by Kidd nearly one hundred years before. She returned the following day, with the family solicitor, bringing the duplicate bracelets; told and verified the story of the loss of one pair by Lady Dunmore; compared the two pairs, showing their almost perfect identity, showing certain private marks upon each, and demonstrating beyond question that the pearls offered her by Mr. Streeter were the identical gems seized by Captain Kidd. The solicitor demanded their surrender to Lady Dunmore on the ground that, having been stolen, no property in them could pass even to an innocent purchaser. Mr. Streeter then stated that he had asked for delay until he could communicate with the owner of the gems, and asked Mr. Astor for instructions. Mr. Astor replied, authorizing the delivery of the bracelets to Lady Dunmore, and asking Mr. Streeter to assure her that the supposed owner was guiltless of wrong in the matter, and was an

LADY DUNMORE

From the portrait by Lawrence, now in the collection of Mr. R. Hall McCormick of Chicago

entirely innocent holder. He repeated the caution, given also in sundry other letters, that to no one was the ownership of the gems sold by Mr. Streeter to be revealed. They were to be sold as if the property of Streeter, acquired in the regular course of business. Lady Dunmore afterward sat to Sir Thomas Lawrence for her portrait, and was painted wearing upon her arms the pearl bracelets thus curiously reclaimed. This portrait is considered one of the masterpieces of Lawrence, and is now in the collection of Mr. Hall McCormick of Chicago.

By the discovery of the hole in a cave in Maine, after a lapse of nearly two hundred years, was thus curiously brought to light the apparent origin of the colossal Astor fortune. Prior to the acquisition of the Kidd treasures by the first American Astor, he was simply a modest trader, earning each year, by frugality and thrift, two or three hundred dollars above his living expenses, with a fair prospect of accumulating, by an industrious life, a fortune of twenty or thirty thousand dollars. When he became possessed of the Kidd plunder, he handled it with the skill of a great general. He expanded his fur trade until it embraced the continent. The record of his cheques given during the three years when he received the

one million three hundred thousand dollars shows that he expended over seven hundred thousand dollars of the amount in the purchase of real estate in the city of New York. The entries of the various cheques are recorded as "Payment for the Wall Street property," the "Bond Street land," the "Broadway corner," etc., the descriptions being sufficiently accurate, when verified by comparison with the titles of record, to locate at this date every parcel of land bought, and all of which is still in the possession of the Astor family. Some twenty different tracts of land in what is now the very heart of the business and residence portion of New York were thus purchased, each one of which is now probably of more value than the price originally paid for the whole. In obtaining a knowledge of the various details already given, over two years had been spent by Mr. Olmsted and his agents. The results seemingly reached may be summarized as follows:

1. Captain Kidd had sailed along the Maine coast shortly before his arrest, and an iron box, marked with his initials, was afterward taken from the cave upon the land of Mr. Olmsted, and this box afterward came into Mr. Astor's possession.

2. Jacques Cartier had camped for many

years, while employed by Mr. Astor, immediately adjoining the cave where the box was concealed, and his rapid increase in wealth and that of Mr. Astor were simultaneous.

3. Mr. Astor's great wealth came from the sale, through Mr. Streeter, of ancient Spanish and French gold, and of gems, some of which were proved to have been a part of the spoils of Captain Kidd, which made it a reasonable presumption that all of such property was of the same character.

4. Captain Kidd was known to have captured and somewhere concealed gold and gems of vast value, and the card given his wife just before his execution, indicated by a plausible reading, the cave upon Mr. Olmsted's land as the place of concealment.

5. The family of Captain Kidd had long been extinct, and no one could successfully contest with Mr. Olmsted the ownership of the property concealed upon his land.

Having his evidence thus formulated, Mr. Olmsted called upon the descendants of Mr. Astor, accompanied by his attorney, Mr. William M. Evarts, and demanded of them – 1. A payment by them to him of the sum of $1,300,000., the amount received of Mr. Streeter, with interest

from the date of its receipt. The total amount, computed according to the laws of New York in force since 1796, was $5,112,234.80; and Mr. Olmsted offered, on condition of immediate cash payment, to deduct the item of $34.80. This demand was refused. 2. Mr. Olmsted then demanded that the Astor family should convey to him all the real estate in New York City purchased by their ancestor with the money received from Mr. Streeter, with the accrued rents and profits from the date of its purchase, and this demand was likewise refused.

These refusals left to Mr. Olmsted no alternative except to resort to the courts for the establishment of his rights, and an action was accordingly commenced. The declaration filed by his attorneys, Joseph H. Choate, Stewart L. Woodford, and Frederick W. Holls, sets out in full the history of the claim from the beginning, as has been detailed herein, and petitions the Court for alternative relief: either that the descendants of John Jacob Astor pay to Mr. Olmsted the sum of $1,300,000., with interest from the time of its receipt by Mr. Astor; or, failing in this, that Mr. Astor be adjudged a trustee for the rightful owner of the money thus received, and that the property purchased with such funds be ordered conveyed

to Mr. Olmsted. To this declaration the Astor family, by their solicitors, Elihu Root and Edward S. Isham, answered, denying all liability, upon the ground that the cause of action, if ever valid, was barred by the statute of limitations. To this answer the plaintiffs demurred, alleging for grounds thereof that it appeared clearly from the pleadings that Mr. Olmsted had been vigilant in the assertion of his claim as soon as reasonable proof of its existence came to his knowledge, and further, that the statute of limitations did not run as against a trust. The demurrer was sustained by the Court upon both grounds, the Court intimating, however, that when the case came to a hearing the plaintiff must select and rest his case on one or the other form of relief demanded, and could not, in the same action, secure the alternative relief sought. After this decision the defendants filed a general denial of all the claims of Mr. Olmsted.

This is the present status of the litigation, and it is expected that the case will be brought to final trial during the present year.

Should the judgment upon the trial be in favor of Mr. Olmsted, or even against him upon some technical ground, it would, in either event, be a great boon to the people along our Atlantic sea-

board, in that it will reveal the actual fate of the Kidd treasures. The publicity upon this point will stop the ceaseless and fruitless expenditure of money in digging for such hidden wealth, as well as the exactions of clairvoyants, Indian spiritual mediums, rappers, professional ghosts, and witch-hazel experts, who have yearly preyed upon the credulity of their victims in locating the Kidd deposits.

From the dramatic character of the claim, from the eminent ability of the counsel for each contestant, and from the large amount involved, it is needless to add that the trial will be watched with intense interest, and that it will stand as the *cause celebre* of our century.

POSTSCRIPT BY THE EDITOR

For some reason deeply rooted in our nature, the theme of sudden, unexpected, and unearned wealth has a strong and eternal appeal. In this matter-of-fact narrative, the appeal is used in one of its most alluring aspects – the finding of buried treasure, and the inheritance of ancient rights in tremendously valuable property.

In one form or other there is a steady though sporadic newspaper reincarnation of the old legend of some person who is discovered to be heir after many generations, to a priceless hunk of the most valuable land in New York, Chicago, or London – any town having a vitally important center of activity, where land is sold at fabulous prices per after-dinner-coffee spoonful.

Ever since the *Notable Lawsuit* first saw the light, newspaper revivals of the ancient lie have been embellished with more or less detail taken bodily from it. Occasionally a crude version of the whole story limps awkwardly across the stage. No incident of readers being misled comes to light, worthy of a place with what is recorded in the postscripts to other essays in these volumes.

Nevertheless it is interesting and instructive to watch the rooting of a legend and the hardening of its outlines.

A conversation took place not ten days ago (December, 1922) at a lunch table in one of our leading clubs, in which the legend of the *Notable Lawsuit* was told substantially as written, as a matter of current interest and truth. It was told in good faith and by most of the party accepted without question. A posthumous conclusion to the story as written by Mr. Head was supplied from the fertile brain of the narrator, that the case was very recently settled out of court, by a cash payment of two million dollars!

The element of glamour was so potent, that two out of three lawyers who were in the group, were completely paralyzed in their sense of probability, and also suffered complete loss of all memory of that venerable kill-joy – the Statute of Limitations. The third lawyer kept his head and assisted by a Rowfanter[9] also present, he woke the others from their trance.

All names are suppressed on account of the respectability of the parties involved, but all three lawyers are now telling the story, the teller being invariably the one who kept his head. – G. B. S.

[9] Tad.

II. THE LEGENDS OF JEKYL ISLAND

To my valued friend, Edward G. Mason,

President of the Chicago Historical Society,
and author of The History of Illinois

Not alone as a mark of high personal esteem, but
in recognition of his equally painstaking and
and accurate labors in similar fields of
Historical Research

THE LEGENDS OF JEKYL ISLAND [10]

SOME years since, during the same week, I heard Jekyl Island described from two standpoints. It was soon after its purchase by an association of gentlemen forming the well-known Jekyl Island Club. Two of my friends gave me a glowing account of this newly found island of Atlantis. A semi-tropical island off the coast of southern Georgia; seventeen thousand acres of beautiful land, mostly covered with choice timber, one thousand four hundred deer ranging the forest, green turtle marching in uninterrupted procession along the silvery beach, a lake of five hundred acres so packed with terrapin as to resemble a cedar block pavement, flocks of quail and partridge darkening the air, oysters of incomparable flavor everywhere, and all purchased at an unheard of bargain, for the beggarly pittance of $125,000.

Once in every man's life comes to him his opportunity, and my two friends felt and rejoiced

[10] Privately printed for the author, Chicago [1899].

that theirs had not passed unheeded by, for each had secured a share in this enchanted island.

A few days later I met and chatted with a man whom many of us in Chicago remember as Jim Kelly, who was on a visit to Chicago from his Florida plantation. Said Jim, "I like Florida just because I'm well there and am not well anywhere else. A man with an orange grove can get a modest living, but when it comes to doing business or making money, of course the chances in any part of the South are comparatively small. Still," continued Jim, "sometimes a man gets struck by lightning even there. I have a cousin who owned an island off the Georgia coast, seventeen thousand acres of sand and swamp. You couldn't raise anything on it; there was some scattering, but utterly worthless, timber. He had tried for years to sell it, to trade it off, or to mortgage it, but he couldn't do any of these. In fact," concluded Jim, "the whole thing wasn't worth a damn, but lately he picked up a lot of rich suckers from New York, Boston, and Chicago, and sold them his Jekyl Island for $125,000!"

I recognized with interest and delight, as often before, the widely variant conclusions from the points of view; and when, in the spring of 1892,

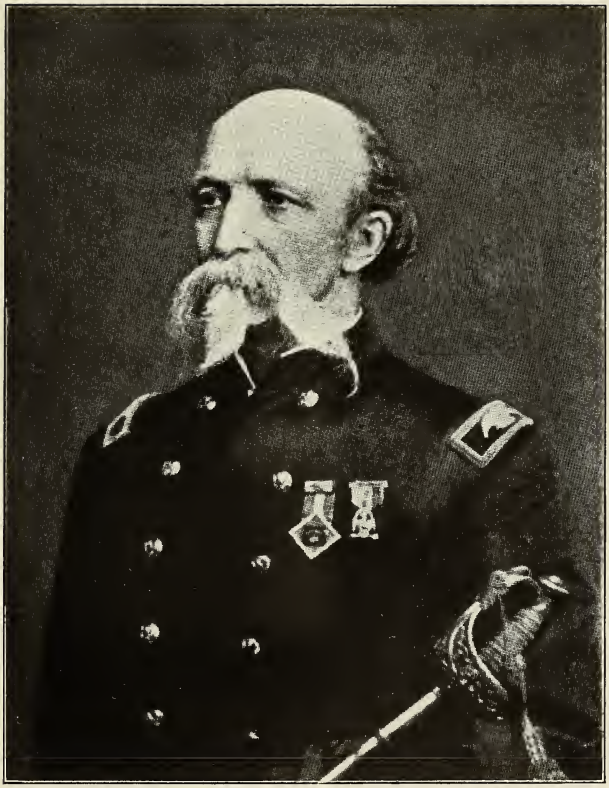
my friends King and McCagg, who were members of the club, invited me to visit the island as their guest, I accepted with delight, eager to see for myself the picture which had been before me in such contrasted lights.

I found the March climate of the island invigorating and delightful; the bridle paths and roads through the forest wisely planned and charming; the drive of a dozen miles along the firm and shining beach the joy of a lifetime. The absence of the one thousand four hundred deer, the quail, partridges, and terrapin was explained by the statement that the committee of three who visited the island prior to its purchase, had eaten them, although a tradition is still current that on a certain remote and possibly mythical Sunday, terrapin soup was served to some of the early inhabitants.

The club house was well planned for its purpose; the company choice, intellectual and in every way agreeable. All members of the club worthy of their exalted heritage were busily employed in doing nothing and in doing it thoroughly and well. A few members who were looking about for something to do, who watched anxiously for the newspapers and sought to adulterate the atmosphere of the island with the airs and cares of the outer

world, were frowned upon, and their expulsion would have been considered, except that the consideration of even so self-evident a necessity would have required an effort. The Vice-President and acting executive, of dignified and stately presence, was a man of abounding energy and fire, which was exercised daily and hourly in the transferring until the day after to-morrow of the things which should have been done yesterday. In a word, the island is an ideal resting place for the man of affairs. The visitors during my stay were largely of middle life, upon whom ease with dignity sat gracefully. Yet even there, and among them, the sprightly arrow-shooting god played havoc, and one of the loved and honored members, in sequence thereof, met there smilingly his doom, and now wanders, no longer alone, in far away Cathay, hand in hand with his happy fate, and renews under occidental skies the dreams of his golden youth.

I found upon the island certain ruins, prehistoric, so far as the present inhabitants were informed, but concerning which sundry and contradictory legends were current. The general trend of the local folklore was that the island had once belonged to General Oglethorpe, the founder and governor of the Georgia colony. A solitary chimney was supposed to mark the site of the guberna-



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

From the portrait by Titian, now in the gallery of the Marquis of Queensbury

torial palace. Certain mounds and pits near the shore were, by the different schools of archaeologists upon the island, variously claimed to represent the work of the Aztec Mound Builders, diggings for the buried treasures of Captain Kidd, and earthworks erected during the late war to protect blockade runners escaping to the Bermudas. In view of these conflicting theories, and of the lack of accurate information on the part even of the members of the Jekyl Island Club, the antiquarian zeal, the frenzy, a la Herodotus, which, radiating from the President of the Chicago Historical Society, animates all its members, urged me to learn what I could of the history of the island, and I place before my readers the results of much painstaking research in this field.

The first mention I have been able to find of Jekyl Island occurs in a report made to Queen Elizabeth in 1587, by Sir Francis Drake. This gallant admiral had captured and mercilessly plundered the Spanish towns of Saint Jago, Cartagena, and Saint Augustine, and after leaving the last named point, sailed northerly along the coast for some hundreds of miles. His report to Queen Elizabeth runs thus:

On the seventeenth we took an observation, and found ourselves in latitude 30 degrees 30 minutes N., and near a large island, which we felt sure was the land where

we had information of a Spanish settlement of magnitude. Seeing some log houses, we decided to make a landing. We unfurled the standard of Saint George and approached the shore in great force, that we might impress the enemy with the great puissance of your Majesty. The accursed Spaniards, concealed behind the trees, fired upon us, and a sore and cruel fight seemed pendent, when the enemy, stricken with fear, incontinently fled to their homes, with their habiliments of war. One of our men was sorely wounded by the Spanish Captain, whom we presently made prisoner, and having set up a gallows, we there hanged him in a chain by the middle, and afterwards consumed with fire, gallows and all.

To us was the good God most merciful and gracious, in that he permitted us to kill eighteen Spaniards, bitter enemies of your sweet Majesty. We further wasted the country and brought it to utter ruin. We burned their their houses and killed their few horses, mules, and cattle, eating what we could of the fresh beef and carrying the rest aboard our ships. Having in mind the merciful disposition of your gracious Majesty, we did not kill the women and children, but having destroyed upon the island all their provisions and property, and taken away all their weapons, we left them to starve.

In view was another considerable island, fifteen miles to the northward, concerning which we asked of the women if any Spaniards dwelt thereon. The women were most ungracious, sullen, and obstinate, perchance

from their husbands having been killed before their eyes, and wickedly refused to answer us, but after we had burned a hole with a hot iron through the tongue of the most venomous of their number, they eftsoons told us that there were no Spaniards upon the other island; that it was the haunt of a solitary Frenchman named Jacques, who claimed it as his own, and that from him it was known as "Jacques Ile." Fearing that the women, instigated by the devil, were deceiving us, we visited the other island, with the holy determination to exterminate any enemies of your sacred Majesty thereon, but found the story of the women was true. The Frenchman, Jacques, had a hut near the water, where he lived with an Indian pagan as his wife. He had a liberal store of turtle's eggs, gathered in the sand, which we took from him, as also his carbine and forty pounds of ambergris, which he had collected from the sea, but did him no further harm. We took here another observation, finding the latitude 31 degrees 10 minutes N.

The latitude mentioned by Drake indicates that he visited first what is now known as Cumberland Island, and later, Jekyl Island, the name by which the latter island is known being evidently a corruption of its early cognomen, the transition from Jacques Ile to Jekyl being easy and natural.

The next mention I find relative to Jekyl Island occurs in a volume published by William Dampier, in 1729, entitled, *Two Voyages to the Bay of Cam-*

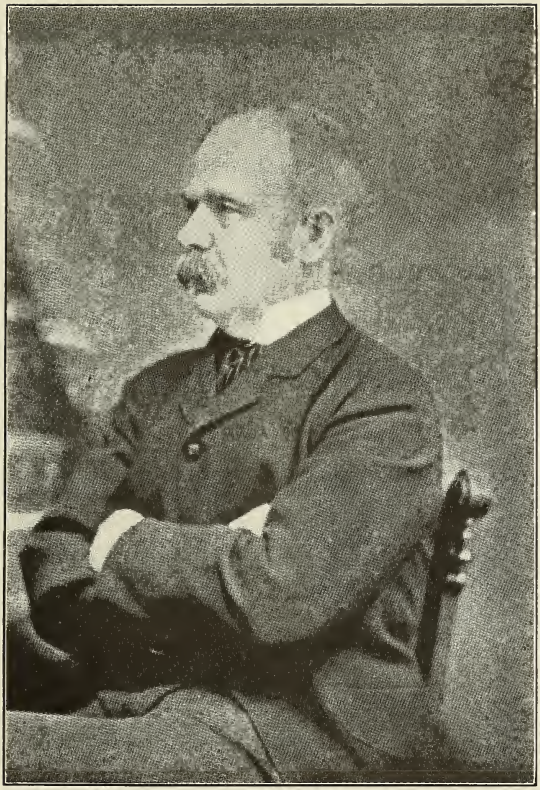
peachy. This eminent navigator, author and pirate, set out from Virginia in 1684, on a buccaneering expedition against the Spanish settlements. He says:

> The next morning, being now nearly arrived at the Florida coast, we landed upon an island in latitude 31 degrees 12 minutes N. for a supply of fresh water.

The latitude indicates the location of Jekyl Island. Dampier continues:

> Near the spot where we landed we found an abundance of fresh water and also a few huts, which were inhabited by peaceable savages. Much surprised were we to find that they spoke a language in which were found occasionally French words. We soon learned that they were largely the descendants of a Frenchman who had long before lived upon the island and married many Indian wives. From him the place was called "Jacques Island." The natural depravity of the pagans appeared, as we noticed that the French words were few in their usual conversation, but that they had hoarded many French curses and bitter profanities, which they heaped upon us as we left the island, for no other reason, as we could conjecture, except that we had taken with us their cattle, weapons, furs, provisions, and other articles which might be useful to us thereafter.

After this landing of Dampier, I find scanty mention of Jekyl Island prior to the founding of



General James E. Oglethorpe

By permission, from the original painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, now owned by Mr. Clarence King, of New York

the Georgia colony under General James E. Oglethorpe, in 1733. The first settlement was at the present site of the city of Savannah, but later, General Oglethorpe determined upon Saint Simon's Island as the most advantageous location for a colony. There are three large islands off the Georgia coast: Cumberland, already mentioned as the landing place of Sir Francis Drake, is the most southerly; north of this is Jekyl Island, and still further north is the island of Saint Simon's. Both the other islands are plainly visible from Jekyl. To be near his settlement of a large colony on Saint Simon's Island, and still to have the isolation and dignity proper to the gubernatorial state, Oglethorpe selected Jekyl as his own residence and built there a commodious mansion of logs. Lady Oglethorpe, in one of her letters, speaks of having brought from the mainland and planted near the family mansion some roots of yellow jessamine, not indigenous to the island, and the fact that a quantity of this jessamine is still growing near the solitary chimney already mentioned, although not found elsewhere upon the island, is confirmatory of the legend that this chimney marks the spot where stood the baronial log castle of the Oglethorpes.

General Oglethorpe was a soldier of tried and

unquestioned valor, an educated and accomplished gentleman of great ability and pleasing address, to whose manly and martial figure scant justice is done in the otherwise admirable statue belonging to the Century Club of New York.

Prior to the founding of the Georgia colony the island appears to have been only occasionally visited by hunters or fishermen, and after this date the change of the original name, "Jacques Isle," to Jekyl Island, seems to have become generally recognized, the island being always spoken of as Jekyl in the correspondence and documents of Governor Oglethorpe.

After the founding of the Georgia colony, the records of the island are for some time reasonably complete. For the data to which I will have time to refer at present, I am almost entirely indebted to the courtesy of Colonel Jefferson Davis Twiggs, the Secretary of the Georgia Historical Society, and a son of the General Twiggs, whose gallantry and bravery were conspicuous in the war with Mexico. The collection of manuscripts and public documents relative to the early settlement of the State is large, and fortunately escaped the destruction which befell so many similar collections during the Civil War.

The Georgia colony was originally organized

as a home for unfortunate but industrious and worthy people. The first prospectus stated that, as colonists, all idle and vicious people would be excluded, as also all married men disposed to leave their families behind. Slavery was forbidden. Among the people afterward notable, connected with the early settlement, were Charles and John Wesley and George Whitefield. Charles Wesley was sent as secretary to General Oglethorpe and John as a missionary to the Indians. On the return of John to England, in 1737, Whitefield was sent by the trustees to take his place.

When General Oglethorpe established himself on Jekyl Island with his family, secretary and servants, the island became virtually the capitol of the Georgia colony. Both General and Lady Oglethorpe and the secretary often visited Savannah, which, with the country about it, continued to be the principal center of population as long as Oglethorpe remained in America, which was for a period of ten years. This period, from 1733 to 1743, is the romantic and picturesque period in the history of the island, as the plan of General Oglethorpe to make Saint Simon's Island the principal settlement, and Jekyl Island the government headquarters, was not carried out, and Jekyl Island, after his return to England, seems to have been

substantially abandoned. Nearly all evidences of the occupation of the island were dissipated by time, and the island itself was practically deserted for the greater part of a century.

Among the manuscripts preserved in the archives of the Georgia Historical Society are various regulations prescribed by General Oglethorpe for the government of the colony, and considerable correspondence passing between himself, his secretaries and Lady Oglethorpe, which are of interest as illustrating the experiences and hardships connected with the period of this first occupation of Jekyl Island.

In 1734 Lady Oglethorpe writes to her husband, then absent at Savannah. She says:

> Since your departure, my dearest husband, all the pigs have escaped into the dreadful wilderness about us, and we fear daily that they will be captured and eaten by the savages. The Chief, Altamaha, and his band, are still upon the island, and yesterday he came and begged tobacco and sugar, and also demanded of me our maid servant Elizabeth as his wife, much to her astonishment and terror. He was dressed in all his barbaric finery, painted and bedaubed in as many colors as the coat of Joseph, and decorated with feathers, bears' claws, and bright colored shells, as befitted a man equipped for female conquest. The wretched pagan has already three wives, whom he treats worse than beasts of burden, and

Lady Dorothy Oglethorpe

Reproduced from the original miniature on ivory by Gainesborough. Now in the possession of Francis Bartlett, Esq., of Boston

I think this somewhat influenced Elizabeth, as, had he been unmarried, the prospect of being a queen, even of the wild and savage Tuscaroras, might have moved her. These Indians are soon to return northward, as the Choctaws claim the country hereabout, and the Tuscaroras, while boasting to fear nothing, yet love their own scalps to remain where the good God placed them.

During your absence I have again been troubled by a slight but authentic attack of the gout, and long unceasingly for your return.

In 1736, when Lady Oglethorpe was in Savannah, Charles Wesley writes her from Jekyl Island thus:

I have but this day returned from the trip to the Ogeechee River, where I suffered many hardships and privations from the inhospitable weather. With my brother John, I preached to the Indians, whenever we could find them in any considerable numbers, although I fear but little impression was made upon them. Their simple and untutored minds find difficulty in comprehending the beautiful doctrine of the Trinity, or in realizing the sublimity of a pure and sinless Saviour suffering untold agonies for the crimes of wicked men. One of these pagans, whose mind had been heretofore in total darkness, when urged to become a Christian, retorted that Christians lied and cheated when buying furs and were drunkards, and said that, as these men were Christians, he would none of it, so hardened by the wiles of

Satan are these unbelievers against the truths of the gospel.

Last evening I wandered to the north end of the island and stood upon the narrow point, which your ladyship will recall as there projecting into the ocean. The vastness of the watery waste, as compared with my standing place, called to mind the briefness of human life, and the immensity of its consequences, and my surroundings inspired me to write a hymn, commencing:

> Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
> Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,

which I trust may pleasure your ladyship, weak and feeble as it is when compared with the songs of the sweet psalmist of Israel. I feel that here, like Moses, I am a stranger in a strange land, and I pray hourly that when the night cometh, and when deep sleep falleth upon me, I may not be found without a wedding garment.

Extracts from a letter from John Wesley to General Oglethorpe illustrate some of the early experiences of this noted evangelist. He says:

After leaving Jekyl Island came a most wearisome journey of five days through swamps and forests, when we reached the place for the annual council of the Choctaws, and found the savages gathered in great numbers. As I gazed upon the multitude of idolaters, to whom I would fain be the messenger bearing the good tidings of great joy, I was filled with a deep pity for their unhappy state, and, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her

wings, felt to gladly labor until I enter the house appointed for all the living, to bring them within the fold purchased for a sin-laden world. I had with me as interpreter the half-breed, Mary Musgrove, and daily had meetings for instruction and prayer, and trust that the future may show that some of the seed thus sown has fallen upon good ground. One woman was baptized. She was of those which come out of great tribulation, her husband and all her three children having been drowned four days before in crossing the Ogeechee River, and her happiness in the gospel caused me to feel that, like Job, the Master had caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. She was again married the day following her baptism, and when I suggested longer days of mourning, she only replied that her first husband was surely dead, and that his successor was of much substance, having a cornfield and a gun. I have acquired sundry words of the language of the Choctaws, and long to be able to speak to them in their mother tongue. I doubt the interpreter, Mary Musgrove, who is yet in the valley and shadow of darkness. To speak to the idolatrous Choctaws in the English language is as the crackling of thorns under a pot; is as one who would essay to draw out the leviathan with a hook; who should seek to bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion.

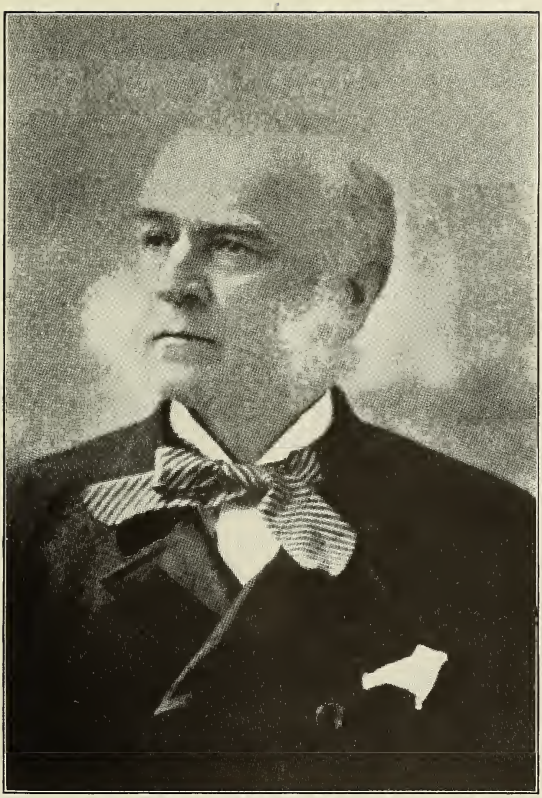
Verily the flesh is weak, for I cannot but long for the day when again I may visit you and enjoy the flesh-pots of Jekyl Island. I can with difficulty eat the food of the savages. Insects bite and destroy my sleep. I am as a skeleton, and the evil one continually suggests that I

murmur at my lot, and seek an easier way in which to serve the Lord.

In 1736 came to John Wesley the experience of an earthly love, but the woman who was its object married another, and this disappointment caused the great evangelist to free his mind as to the woman and her husband in such language that he was indicted for libel, and fled to England to escape imprisonment, whereupon George Whitefield was chosen by the trustees as his successor, and arrived at Jekyl Island in 1737.

In further illustration of early life upon the island, I copy one of the letters of Lady Oglethorpe to Sir Theophilus, the father of her husband.

Dear and honored parent: I take my pen in hand to inform you that my dear husband and myself are well and I hope these few lines may find you in the enjoyment of the same great blessing. We are now established in our new home on Jekyl Island, and I would fain give you a picture of this abode of the Governor of this promising colony. The mansion is built of pine logs, plastered, where plastered at all, with clay, and surrounded by a dense forest. The house is very large and commodious, but lacking many of the conveniences of our pleasant home in Surrey. We sleep on beds made of pine leaves, which are most comfortable and exhale a balsamic fragrance supposed to be conducive to health. Our floors are



Reverend George Whitefield

From the portrait by William Hogarth, owned by the Century Club of New York

of split pine logs, and about the walls are wooden pegs upon which to hang our gowns. Much of our china was broken on our journey hither, and we use instead the pewter mugs and plates brought for our servants. A few red savages are near us, living in wigwams, who beg often for tobacco, but bring us in return an abundance of venison and fish. The secretary of the colony, Charles Wesley, dwells with us upon the island, and is zealous to save the souls of the Indians who come hither to hunt and to fish. He baptized a week since one Indian and made him a part of Christianity, but later, for what reasons we cannot divine, though certainly through evil temptations of the father of idolatry, the devil, he suddenly cast off the Christian religion and abandoned the true, divine worship. Mr. Wesley has also the gift of verse, and has written many sweet hymns, which we sing in our family worship. Last week came several cloudy and dismal days, which he reported to us had inspired him to write a hymn contrasting the shadowed life here with the brightness of that which is to come. It begins thus:

"No need of the sun in that day
Which never is followed by night,
Where Jesus' beauties display
A pure and a permanent light."

A few days later he wrote another, after a most brilliant sunset, which we had all surveyed with delight:

"With glorious clouds encompassed round
Whom angels dimly see,

Will the unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me."

From these lines you will see his readiness to draw instructive lessons from all the incidents of daily life, although, as you will see later, sometimes his hymns come near to involve him in trouble.

He is of much self-denial and oftentimes of almost ascetic life, as appears from one of his hymns commencing,

I do suspect some danger nigh
When I do feel delight"

From what I have written, you must not infer that we live altogether a lonely and quiet life. We have twice visited Charleston, the principal city of South Carolina, where we have been sumptuously entertained by the governor and principal citizens, whom we have, of course, invited to visit us in return. Recently we received word that our invitations would be accepted. We had informed them of our primitive mode of life, which they fully realized, having been in similar conditions themselves. Last Wednesday we were startled by a long blast from a conch shell, and on going to the beach saw a large party approaching in a flatboat, men, women, negroes, horses, and dogs. They were soon disembarked and at the house, where General Oglethorpe made them welcome with an abundance of rum made by the Puritans in that part of America called New England. They then told us that not to overtax our hospitalities, they had brought with them an abundance of food and ser-

vants, and proposed to go at once to some suitable place upon the shore and roast oysters. We set out for a cove about a mile distant from our home. The progress towards it was a striking and curious pageant. First, marched as trumpeter, a stalwart negro, blowing a conch shell and producing a dismal and incessant blare. Then General Oglethorpe on horseback, with myself behind him on a pillion, and a negro on a mule, carrying my best hat in a box, lest it be destroyed by the trees and bushes. Then our family coach, with one wheel missing from an encounter with a stump, the axle being held up by a pole, and within the family of Governor Pickens, his wife, sister, and a niece, Miss Mercy Pickens. Then two open wagons with the other ladies of the party, and some jugs of rum and boxes of food. About these rode the gentlemen on horses and mules, among them Mr. George Moultrie, a gallant young man who is soon to wed Miss Mercy, before named. Around the cavalcade swarmed the negroes, shouting and laughing, rolling their white eyes, showing their white teeth in contrast to their shining black skins, and singing songs full of melody and pathos. They seemed to bear the names of all the heathen divinities and historic heroes. I recall Diana, Flora, Phyllis, Caesar, Pompey, Hannibal, Jupiter, and many more.

The road to the beach, while rude and rough for vehicles by reason of roots and stumps, is of wonderful beauty, bordered with great growths of evergreen oaks and magnolias, with thickets of myrtle and bay, and a

carpet of dwarf palmetto, all of most lustrous green, and the trees often festooned or bound together with trailing garlands of pale, gray moss. The most perfect art could devise nothing more beautiful than the tropical glories of this forest drive. When we reached the cove the negroes waded into the water and brought ashore great baskets of oysters, which they roasted in a fire kindled from branches of the fragrant pine. General Oglethorpe brewed a large tub of rum punch, while I made a bowl of delicious sangaree with wine from your own cellar, which has been with us from the time of our leaving dear old England. No one neglected these beverages, and with the oysters, the cheese and other viands with which we were provided, a royal banquet was enjoyed. Many of the gentlemen were nearly overcome with the rum punch, although insisting that it was the roasted oysters which made their legs unsteady, and this had nearly led Mr. Wesley into serious trouble with Mr. Moultrie, whose almost maudlin attentions to his sweetheart, Miss Mercy, were constant and even annoying to her.

As Mr. Wesley drank no punch, they insisted he should sing, and he commenced one of his hymns which is a favorite with us:

> "Depth of mercy, can there be
> Mercy still reserved for me?—"

"Hold," shouted Mr. Moultrie, "none of your damned presumption. Mercy is not reserved for you or any of your kind. She is mine and mine alone." General Oglethorpe interfered and endeavoured to explain, but

Mr. Moultrie would listen to nothing, and proposed to give the Secretary a drubbing on the spot. I succeeded in quieting him, and asked Mr. Wesley to substitute another hymn, whereupon he commenced:

> "The day of jubilee is come,
> Return ye ransomed sinners home."

"What!" shouted my husband, "are you ordering away my guests on their very arrival? None of your foolishness." "Sir," said Mr. Wesley, "I was not addressing your guests. I do not consider them as ransomed sinners."

"What do you mean?" said Governor Pickens; "go and drum your nonsense into the woolly head of the negroes."

The riot was presently at an end, Mr. Wesley returning to the house, and was forgotten after the gentlemen had slept off their potations.

The party remained with us for three days, and until the rum was exhausted, the gentlemen hunting daily and the ladies riding about the island and telling us all the gossip and scandals of Charleston. The hunters brought in an abundance of game, and this was cooked and served by the negro servants brought with our visitors, whose skill made us almost regret General Oglethorpe's determination that no slaves shall be held in the Georgia colony.

No more at present from your dutiful daughter,

DOROTHY OGLETHORPE

I will conclude with extracts from two letters of George Whitefield to General Oglethorpe, written with an interval of about thirty years between, which illustrate a curious phase in the life of this famous preacher. Whitefield soon after his arrival in Georgia, built what he called an Orphanage, an institution where poor and neglected children could be cared for, educated and fitted for useful lives. During his subsequent years this institution was his constant care; he solicited money for it in all his fields of labor. In 1739 he writes to General Oglethorpe thus, he being at that time in Savannah:

I have just this day reached Jekyl Island, after an absence of three weeks, the most of which time was spent at the Orphanage and in its vicinity. The dear children are well and happy. Last February I decided to plant a farm, with the view of using the gain therefrom to carry forward the work of the Orphanage. I am more than ever convinced of the wisdom of excluding slavery from the Georgia colony. Slavery is the sum of all villainies and abominations, and could I secure money in other ways, I would never touch again the contributions from the Carolinas and Virginia, made by the slave owners, whose wealth is gained from the unpaid labor of wretched negroes or by the infamous traffic in human flesh. Scarcely shall such men inherit eternal life. The gates of the celestial city shall rarely open

to those who traffic in the bodies and souls of men. They have made a covenant with death and with hell they are at agreement.

I hired several people who had no homes or employment to cultivate the plantation, and now that the crops are gathered, I am in despair to find that there is no gain, but a loss. The Master hath said, the laborer is worthy of his hire, but the wages of the workman absorb the value of the harvest and more. I entered upon the work with lofty hopes, but pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall. Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off.

Nearly thirty years after the writing of this letter, and near the close of Whitefield's life, I find another letter from him to General Oglethorpe. The General had long before returned to England. Whitefield had spent the intervening years in public work, having seven times crossed the Atlantic, preaching with wonderful effect in all parts of the New World, but having always in mind his Orphanage, for which he constantly labored and solicited aid. The letter runs thus:

My dear and honored friend: I am but now returned from a trip through Virginia and the Carolinas, during which I made a short visit to the Orphanage, which is as ever dear to my heart. The recollection of your encouragement and help in this valiant work; of

the pleasant years when I was often with you at Jekyl Island, cheered by your wise and helpful counsel, have minded me to again write you something of myself and my labors. I am come to the time in life when the grasshopper is a burden; my strength is weakness, my days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle. As William Shakespeare – a man given overmuch to vain imaginings, yet whose lips oft-times are touched with celestial fire, as he has said:

> "Like as the waves make toward the pebbled shore,
> So do our minutes hasten to their end."

I trust that my labors in the Master's work have not been in vain, yet as I consider my days and their approaching end, chiefly do I value myself upon the many children whom the dear Orphanage has transformed from impending lives of vice and sin to faithful servants of the Master. Three years since a Carolinian, who at one of our meetings had found the pearl of great price, gave me three healthy negroes, told me of the great gain in the cultivation of tobacco, and that a tobacco plantation would of itself nearly maintain the Orphanage. I took the money which had been contributed for the good work, bought a small plantation in South Carolina, as slavery was forbidden in Georgia, bought also nine other strong negro men and women and planted tobacco. My agent has each year secured bountiful crops. The Lord has abundantly blessed our labors. The negroes work from sunrise to sunset in the fields, and by moonlight cultivate the maize, which is their food. The clothing

for all costs scarcely a pound in the year, and having to pay them no wages nor buy them no food, the results are most hopeful. Daily and nightly do I praise the Lord for these bountiful harvests, and pray that he whose mercy endureth forever may continue to bless our fields, and to cause the labor of these negro slaves to bear abundant fruit in the salvation of the many little ones who are ready to perish. Verily the word fitly spoken by my adviser of the tobacco plantation has been as apples of gold in pictures of silver.

But, my friend, long and dearly loved, I must come to an end. Perchance no more shall I gaze into thy eyes and grasp thy hand upon this earth; with me the fashion of this world passeth away, but the love which is stronger than death is my stay and my comfort forever.

It has been with me a labor of love to rescue from undeserved oblivion some few of the incidents in what may be termed the halcyon days of Jekyl Island. During my stay at the Club House, and since, in conversation with the members, I have found no one who had searched out, or was in any way familiar with, the period of its occupation by Oglethorpe. Even the vague tradition that it had been thus occupied was often questioned. But even the meagre glimpse which I have been able to afford of these picturesque ten years gives to the spot a much needed historic interest. Instead of being, as generally believed, an island, dull and

uninviting, where a few negroes had cultivated and then abandoned small cotton fields, and where a pleasant winter climate was its sole excuse for being, it is seen to be linked with events romantic and far reaching in our national life. We may in imagination picture General Oglethorpe and his lovely wife entertaining with royal hospitality the thirsty governors of North Carolina and South Carolina, with their escort of fair women and brave men. Through the majestic groves of pine, oak, and magnolia, and across the broad savannas, we may see the brilliant array of huntsmen gaily caparisoned, following their hounds, while the cheerful bugle blasts echo far and away through the forest. We see the huntsmen returning home with brush and game, welcomed by the courtly dames as became a gallant and victorious band of warriors; and as the sun goes down we may see the powdered heroes leading through the mazes of the stately minuet, on the floor of logs, the ladies, brave in ruff, brocade and farthingale.

Under the fragrant pines we may see the council of war, as General Oglethorpe with his subordinates plans the brilliant though unsuccessful campaign against the Spanish city of St. Augustine. Here, too, we see the youthful Wesley, the founder of Methodism, scarcely yet conscious of his mis-

sion and destiny as he wanders dreamily along the shores of the sounding sea, brooding the problems of profoundest moment, or shaping the sacred hymns, which have since, in all climes and tongues, been the consolation of humanity. And here, too, we see George Whitefield, the most entrancing pulpit orator of the last two centuries seeking often, after his conflict with the hosts of sin, rest for body and mind in the forests of Jekyl Island; and, among the same wide-spreading evergreen oaks, gray with their trailing garlands of moss, under which we may wander to-day, nursing for the lifelong battle his fascinating and magical eloquence. Surely Prospero, waving anew his magic wand, could never summon from the vasty deep an island more historically picturesque.

POSTSCRIPT BY THE EDITOR

Jekyl Island lies a short distance off the coast of Georgia, not far from Brunswick. It was, and is yet, owned by a club, which uses it as a winter resort.

The publicity given Mr. Head's doings by Chicago newspapers, led to curious results not long after he read the paper dealing with his home-grown legends of Jekyl Island.

Appreciative comments and liberal quotations in the *Inter-Ocean* and others roused echoes in New York, Nashville, and elsewhere, finally reaching the slower burning, literal-minded brethren who smile only in bewilderment. Several editors slipped and were properly abused by their watchful and esteemed contemporaries.

The *Christian Advocate* (Michigan) of May 3, 1894, transpired two columns, dealing with various disputed traditions of the origin of Charles Wesley's hymn beginning:

> Lo! on a narrow neck of land I stand,

The article described "The remarkable find of Franklin H. Head, a magazine writer, who recent-

ly examined some of the records of colonists and early settlers, fortunately preserved." It proceeds, "It has been supposed that Charles Wesley wrote no valuable hymns until his soul was illumined upon what he calls 'The Day of Pentecost,' Sunday, May 21, 1738. We stand corrected however by Lady Oglethorpe, who says that "as early as 1736 he had written many sweet hymns." The article then quotes Charles Franklin Head – Wesley's letter to Lady Oglethorpe from Jekyl Island, and closes with these words:

> Here, then we have the true story of the origin of the famous hymn in Wesley's own words. It was not written in England but in America. The true date is not 1743 as we supposed, but 1736. The "narrow neck of land" is not Lands End but the north end of Jekyl Island, and the remarkable prayer "O God my inmost soul convert" was not written for other lips, but was the heartfelt petition of the author who at that time had not found rest for his soul. A large number of hymn lovers in America and England will be pleased to learn the facts concerning this grand hymn.

Whereby we are shown in what mysterious paths that humble instrument of Providence, Brother Head, seeking to divert the Chicago Literary Club, was led to furnish more serious folk a most precious occasion. – G. B. S.